

Burt Bacharach: Yeah, Baby, Yeah!

#391 • AUGUST 8, 1997

Entertainment

WEEKLY



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42 WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW: Burt Bacharach's groovy songs are popping up everywhere

ON THE COVER Wright and Penn photographed for EW by Kurt Markus in Santa Monica, June 12, 1997

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Entertainment

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Aug. 8, 1969: The Beatles do a 10-minute photo shoot for the *Abbey Road* album jacket.

HUMPHREY BOGART



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I LOVED YOUR JULY 18 COVER (#388)! Jodie Foster's face looks *exactly* like mine would if I were in Matthew McConaughey's arms!

KATE RUPPERT
Atlanta

I CANNOT TELL YOU how thrilling it was to see your magazine's wonderful cover with Jodie Foster and Matthew McConaughey arm in arm. With *Contact*, Hollywood has finally made an event movie with a plot. Finally, actors are noticed this summer for their ability to carry a story and not just being part of a special-effects marketing ploy. This is one of the greatest things about Foster; she makes movies that are intelligent, and in no way do these movies insult the public's intelligence.

MEEGAN FITZPATRICK
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JIM DANDY

THANK YOU SO MUCH FOR RECOGNIZING the fact that America has lost one of the most poignant, talented, and true-hearted actors ever to grace the silver screen. Jimmy Stewart was a man who anyone could relate to and everyone could adore. I don't believe that he ever knew just how many lives he affected, how many people loved to hear his voice and laugh at his subtle movements. Everyone knows a Jimmy Stewart... that's what made him a great actor.

REBECCA KRUPKE
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SLIGHT 'WEDDING'

KUDOS TO LISA SCHWARZBAUM ON her excellent essay on *My Best Friend's*

Wedding, "Wedding Belle Blues." She seems to be the only film reviewer in the country who can see beyond Julia Roberts' hair and recognize the blatant "retro antiwoman" message of *Wedding*. For a while there, I thought I was the only young woman on earth who was actually offended by this summer sleeper. Thank you, Lisa.

PATTY NASEY
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New York City

GET SMART

NORMALLY, I DON'T get EW and *The Economist* confused, but "Down and Dirty," by Ty Burr, came close. Burr suggests the solutions to Internet censorship problems may not come from the government but from free markets and parents actually spending time with their children! He even scoffs at Ludite parents too scared to find out what their kids are really up to. Now, if I could just get *The Economist* to do movie reviews...

KERRY RYAN
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CORRECTIONS: *The TV movie North and South, Book II was omitted from Jimmy Stewart's filmography; an on-set photo from Magic Town was misidentified as being from Mr. Smith Goes to Washington ("The Richest Man in Hollywood"). Elvis Presley's 1954 recording of "I'll Never Stand in Your Way" was found by a collector four years ago. Presley's version of "Baby What You Want Me to Do" on Platinum: A Life in Music was recorded on Aug. 24, 1969 (Music).*

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On the road of life (or your complete lack thereof) there are passengers and there are drivers.

Drivers wanted.

NEWS & NOTES

August 8, 1997 // Movies / TV / Books / Music / Multimedia / Video // Edited by Albert Kim

NOW PAYING...

Ah, the good old days. The world was obsessed with a talking pig named Babe, the Unabomber was just a police sketch, and \$20 million seemed like an enormous amount of money to pay **Jim Carrey**.

What a difference two years make. For a while, it looked like Carrey's eye-popping *Cable Guy* bill, the talk of the industry in the summer of '95, would be as high as A-list movie-star salaries would go. But soon, every top actor was asking for and getting the same price: **Tom Hanks**, **Tom Cruise**, **Sylvester Stallone**, **Mel Gibson**, **Arnold Schwarzenegger**, **Harrison Ford**, and **John Travolta** all quickly lined up and became \$20 million men. And while studios managed to hold top salaries steady the past two years, there are signs that the \$20 million cap is about to go the way of the \$8 movie ticket.

According to a high-level insider, after dressing up for just six weeks in silver face paint for Warner

Hollywood's top stars push the salary envelope once again. **by David Hochman and Judy Brennan**



Bros.' *Batman & Robin*, Schwarzenegger quietly walked away with a cool \$25 million. In another deal that would rise to that new high-water mark, Gibson reportedly is close to signing with Warner for a fourth *Lethal Weapon*; the insider, who has close ties to the studio, says Gibson's take will be \$25 million. And in a related move, Hollywood's A-list women are upping the ante too. After rekindling her career with *My Best Friend's Wedding*, for which **Julia Roberts** was paid \$12 million—just under the current ceiling for actresses of \$12.5 million, set by **Demi Moore**—the *Pretty Woman*'s new asking price is said to be \$14 million.

"Star salaries are going up again—and probably for everybody," says producer **Joe Singer** (*Daylight*). "Sure I'd love to pay less money, but it's worth it if they bring in the box office." And that apparently is the key. These days, box office is booming, primarily due to overseas sales. "The worldwide market warrants these sal-

aries," says **Ed McDonnell**, president of **Witt-Thomas Films**. Even if, say, a **Steven Seagal** film bombs Stateside, it can still make a fortune as more and more cineplexes open abroad and tie-ins rake in revenue. Says **Singer**, "The bottom line is more money is coming in."

All that income isn't good news just for the A listers. Sources say salaries for the likes of **Will Smith**, **Tommy Lee Jones**, and **Nicolas Cage**—all of whom have summer hits—will definitely go up because of the new pay scale. Jones could get \$15 million, while Cage and Smith are likely to join the \$20 million club soon.

Predictably, no studio is willing to admit to being the one that ups the ante. For its part, Warner insists that Schwarzenegger made \$20 million for *Batman* and that Gibson will get \$20 million for *Weapon 4*. (Julia Roberts' spokesperson would not comment on her asking price.) Notably, top execs at Warner were among the most vocal of those who criticized then-Columbia TriStar head **Mark**

Canton for starting the salary spiral with Carrey's contract. Says a source, "Publicly, all the studios will say they're not going past \$20 million in light of the heat that came down [on Canton]."

Knowing Hollywood, that won't last long. "Since the movie business is not run by a single mind," explains Disney chairman **Joe Roth**, "all of these purported 'barriers' are not really real in the first place." In other words, the industry should be resigned to bigger paydays. In fact, there's already been speculation that **Bruce Willis** will get \$25 million if he agrees to do *Die Hard 4*.

Of course, studios would cough up \$20 billion if they thought they could make money. "All I know is, if those who have control believe their investment is worthy and their return will be greater," says *Speed* producer **Mark Gordon**, "then people will pay what they have to pay." ■



RANDOM SHOT

A SHOE-IN

Poof! Who needs a prince when you've got gowns like these? Here's an early peek at **Brandy** (far right) and **Whitney Houston** all gussied up to play Cinderella and her fairy godmother in ABC's remake of the Rodgers & Hammerstein musical (Nov. 2), costarring **Jason Alexander** and **Whoopi Goldberg**. "We've modernized the characters' motivations," says exec producer **Craig Zadan**. So look for a prince (**Paolo Montalban**) who loves Cindy for her beauty and her mind. Also updated: a score that has Houston belting out "There's Music in You." But it's still a rags-to-riches story: The \$12 million budget makes it among the richest TV movies ever. Says Zadan: "It wasn't like we could use sparklers for fairy dust. This is the '90s." —**Jessica Shaw**

OUT OF 'TOON?

It's a tough time to be animated. With politically correct activists and mad-as-hell advocacy groups perpetually rampaging for change, no one is safe—not even beloved childhood figures. All we can say is, **Fat Albert's** pal **Mushmouth** had better call his lawyer. —**Kristen Baldwin**

OFFENDING CHARACTER



LITTLE MERMAID

MR. MAGOO

PORKY PIG

OBJECTION

"[Disney] characters like **Pocahontas**, [**Aladdin's**] **Jasmine**, and the **Little Mermaid** are now made to appear sexual to children," says **Carmen Pate**, spokeswoman for the Washington-based **Concerned Women for America**, which joined a boycott July 23 of Disney products. "Is that something we want our children exposed to?"

"The character is a mechanism for making fun of the blind," says **Marc Maurer**, president of the **National Federation of the Blind**, objecting to Disney's upcoming live-action feature *Mr. Magoo*, starring **Leslie Nielsen**. "When he doesn't have his glasses on he's an idiot."

"For the last 50 years, children who stutter have been teased and bullied by being called **Porky Pig**," says **Ira Zimmerman**, formerly of the **National Stuttering Project**. In May 1996, Zimmerman spoke out at a **Time Warner** stockholders meeting, suggesting that "maybe they should consider retiring the character."

DEFENSE

"While we recognize and respect that the CWA differs from others in their opinions," says a Disney spokesman, "we also know that millions of people of all ages have appreciated [the cartoons]."

"*Mr. Magoo* does not in any way make fun of or demean blind people," reads a Disney statement. "[He is] a kindly gentleman who is nearsighted, not blind."

"We continue to stand by **Porky Pig**," says a Warner spokesperson, noting that the studio features multiracial and disabled kids standing with **Porky** and other characters on its website. The caption reads, "Everyone's unique & th-th-that's good, folks!"

HOTSHEET

What the country is talking about this week...

1 Garth Brooks The country star is giving a free concert in New York's Central Park. Not to worry. Jackie Mason will be on stage to translate.

2 Spawn A superhero on a salmon run?

3 Marcia Clark The O.J. Simpson prosecutor's book will be turned into a made-for-TV movie. It'll be shown in 365 eight-hour parts.

4 Picture Perfect Jennifer Aniston has to invent a fiancé to get a big promotion. When in the '50s does this take place?



45 Elvis Presley His relatives have just opened a theme restaurant featuring the King's favorite foods. Each table comes with its own defibrillator.

6 Air Bud A dog teaches a kid about friendship. And soon he'll have him going to the bathroom on the neighbor's lawn.

7 Charles and Camilla A British opinion poll

says that they shouldn't marry. Would you take marital advice from people who like warm beer and kidney pie?

8 Elizabeth Taylor She's proudly sporting gray hair. Good grief, what's next? Off-the-rack clothes?

9 Corey Haim The former teenage star has filed for bankruptcy. Aaron Spelling may have some work for him—fixing his roof.

10 Hair guitar Scientists have made a musical instrument that's thinner than a human hair. So you can practice in an airplane seat.

11 Beavis and Butt-head They're ending their run on MTV. Their new job is running the *Mir* space station.

12 187 Samuel L. Jackson plays a high school teacher whose students are all thugs and killers. At least they're not dropouts.

13 Emmy nominations One huge surprise after another. Unless you live on Earth and have a TV set.

14 Shaq The basketball giant will make a guest appearance on *Baywatch*. They use one of his shoes for a lifeboat.

15 Somnoplasty The new treatment for snoring. Doctors implant an artificial elbow in your back.

GARY, IN DEMAND-A

Hollywood's next comeback kid is...Gary Coleman. Which brings to mind his own immortal words: "Whatchoutalkin' 'bout, Willis?"

The pint-size star, who has battled depression, suicidal thoughts, and kidney disease since *Diff'rent Strokes* went off the air in 1986, is now looking to return to the public eye, bigger than ever. Coleman has recently been seen on TV in commercials for Klondike bars and ESPN's Major League Baseball broadcasts. Meanwhile, on the big screen, one of the heartier laughs in *Austin Powers: International Man of Mystery* comes when Coleman is discovered frozen along with Mike Myers. And this fall, Coleman's voice will be featured in the animated PC game

The Curse of Monkey Island, a CD-ROM being developed by George Lucas' software company. "I always tell people I never really left," says the now 29-year-old, who has denied tabloid reports he sold used cars in the early '90s. "I just took a long respite so that I could reinvent myself."

Of course, a new incarnation is not what got Coleman his latest

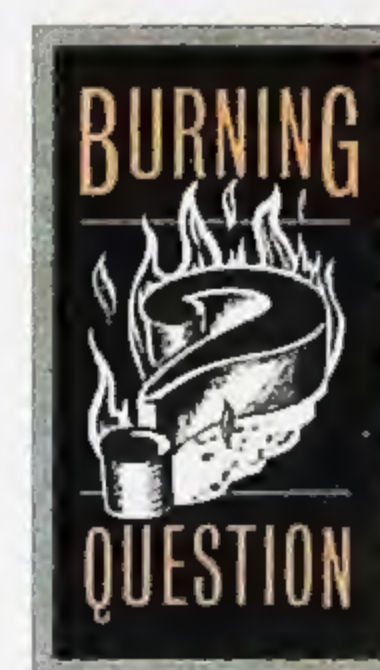
gigs. ESPN was aiming for "a retro look and feel" for its ads, says network spokesman Rob Tobias. "The [spots] have a *Starsky and Hutch* look, and he fits that era." But the still-cherubic actor believes he can get past his '80s-fixtured status. "People say, 'We don't see you as this or that,'" says Coleman. "Nonsense. I can be anything and anybody, given the opportunity." Thus he's developing two scripts (he's the bad guy in both), plus a prime-time series and a live-action kids' show. (No studios or networks are attached yet.)

As for his revival, Coleman attributes it to the cycle of fame. "It's like a volcano," he says of his new popularity. "It explodes. Then it's dormant, and then it wells up again. Pretty soon, I'm gonna explode." —Dave Karger



MUCH TO DO: Coleman (in a Klondike ad, top, and as a kid star) hasn't put a cap on his career

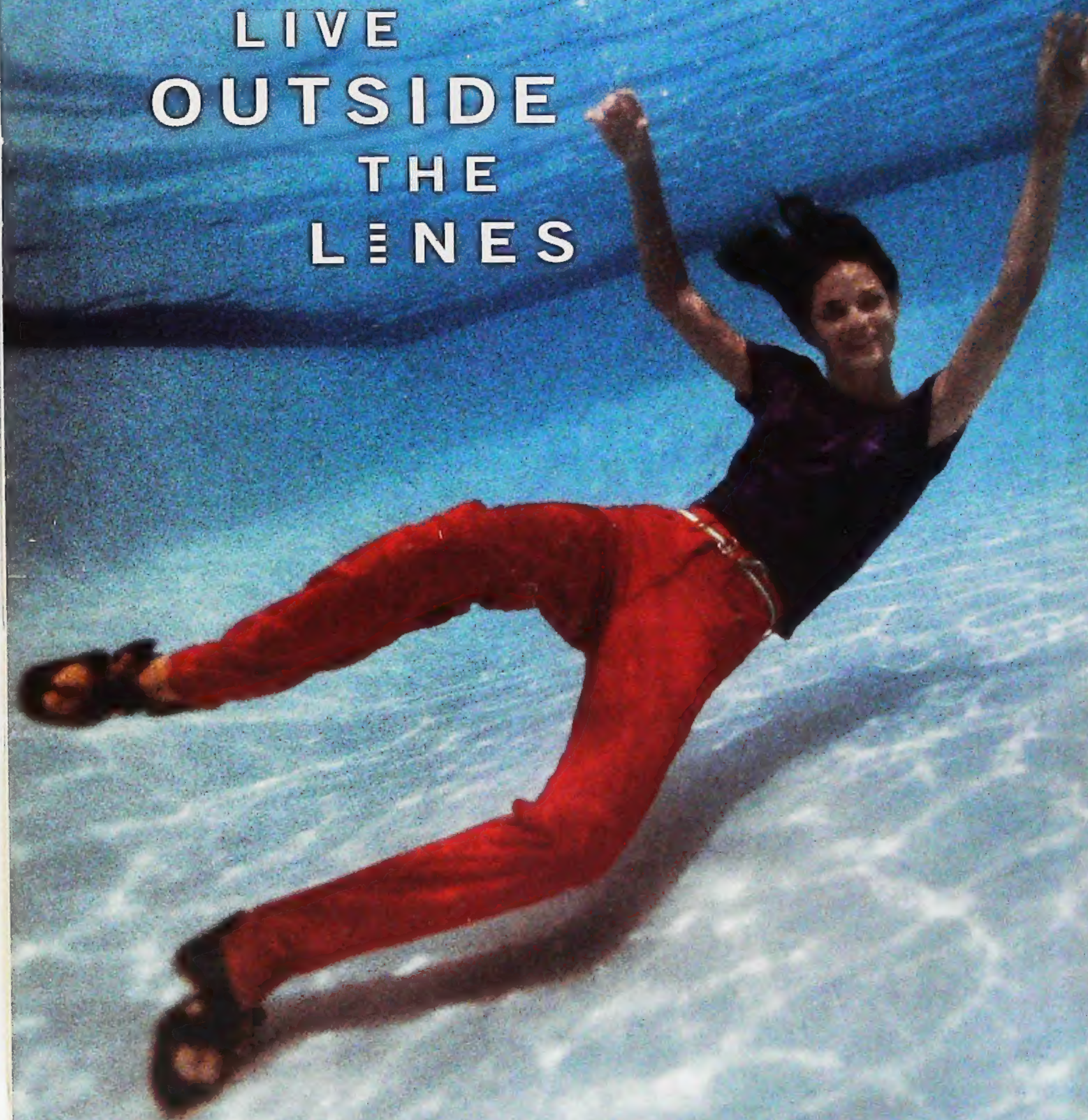
'AIR' CLEARING



Q In *Air Force One*, what motivates the presidential insider who betrays Harrison Ford and helps terrorist Gary Oldman gain control of the aircraft?

A Screenwriter Andrew W. Marlowe says the character's rationale was lost in rewrites. "It's amazing what can happen to a script, and frustrating, too," he says. At one point, Marlowe portrayed him as a disgruntled ex-spy, upset that the Presi-

dent had established friendly relations with Russia. In another version, Oldman and crew simply paid off the betrayer: "I wanted to show the influence and access money can buy in Washington," says Marlowe. "It would have been timely, considering the Lincoln Bedroom business." We can already see the sequel: *Air Mattress One*. —David Hochman and DK

LIVE
OUTSIDE
THE
LINES

GITANO

FLASHES

RENTS NOW PLAYING:

The family that plays together stays together. Must be why celeb kids are paving the way for Mom and Pop's showbiz careers. Two years ago, *Suddenly Susan*'s **Kathy Griffin** helped her dad, John, 76, sign with a commercial agent. Since then the Chicago electronics-store manager has appeared in more than half a dozen spots, including ads for GM, Chevy Malibu, and Pizza Hut. Now **Ellen**'s mom, **Betty DeGeneres**, 67, whom viewers may recognize from the *Ellen* promos with her daughter (above), is getting into the act. She recently



signed with L.A.'s Abrams Artists, and though she has yet to land an ad, her agent, Doug Ely, thinks Betty's got what it takes. "She's warm, approachable, and has a lot of confidence," he says. "It's just a matter of time." What persuaded her to go

pro? "**Jean Howard** had a small part on *Ellen*, and she told me that commercials are a lot of fun," says Betty. Jean would be **Ron's** mom. —*Susan Spillman*

TOY STORY: What are the chances of finding a plastic compass in your Cracker Jack box, as **Matthew McConaughey** does in *Contact*? You'd sooner hear alien signals over your cell phone. Sure, there was a time when the surprises were of the cool, plastic variety, but "by the '80s and '90s they were almost all exclusively paper," says Roberta Bowen, editor of *The Prize Insider*, a newsletter for Cracker

PRIZE PACKAGE: Aimless



Jack toy collectors. But don't give up. "We did have compasses back in the '20s and '30s," says Jill Sweeney of Cracker Jack maker Borden, noting that the compass in *Contact* was custom-made. "But that's not to say we might not have compasses in the future." That's a step in the right direction. —*Scott Maiko*

WHAT'S THE BEEF? Once a cowboy, always a cow boy. **Robert Mitchum** may have died at 79 on July 1, but TV viewers nationwide can still hear the legendary tough guy touting the goodness of red meat in commercials for the American Beef Council ("Beef. It's what's for dinner"). And that's still his voice on ads for the Oppenheimer Fund, too. "Let's put it this way," says C.J. Valenziano of the National Cattlemen's Beef Association, which cosponsors the meat ads, "he didn't die a tragic death, and he does have an enormous appeal for consumers. We just felt it was okay to keep using him." But only for a little while. Both advertisers are launching new campaigns this month. The good news: Mitchum's rumbling voice will continue pitching Pontiac minivans. —*Allison Gaines*

RANDOMQUOTE

"He heard about the idea of my playing him. He looked me up and down and finally said, 'You almost as pretty as me.'"

—*Wild South, on meeting Muhammad Ali*

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVID COMEES

SIP 'N' SAVE

Hollywood hype is as pervasive as the water we drink. Literally. Tinseltown has begun assaulting us with a new promotional gimmick: tie-in H₂O. In recent months, specially labeled bottles of the clear stuff have been used to flog movies, TV shows, even albums. EW's taste test:

Melted Ice Water

■ **Where from:** A *Batman & Robin* tie-in to Arnold Schwarzenegger's *Mr. Freeze*, it's sold at Warner Bros. Studio Stores.
■ **Taste:** A conservative little H₂O. And what's that faint aftertaste? A soupçon of steroids, perhaps?
■ **Goes well with:** Strudel.

Like Water for Chocolate Water

■ **Where from:** Handed out at the video-release party for the Mexican indie hit.
■ **Taste:** Considering the movie's source, we say, "Don't drink this water!"
■ **Goes well with:** Lomotil.

Semi-Holy Water

■ **Where from:** On sale at the current Ozfest tour—each bottle is personally blessed by Ozzy Osbourne.
■ **Taste:** With its subtle tinge of iron, this water recalls a simpler, louder era.
■ **Goes well with:** Bat heads.

Yogi Bear Spring Water

■ **Where from:** Available nationwide at Jellystone Park campgrounds.
■ **Taste:** To paraphrase, it's better than the average fare.
■ **Goes well with:** Pick-ee-nick baskets.
—*A.J. Jacobs, with reporting by SM*



TURNER CLASSIC MOVIES PRESENTS A

CARY GRANT

FILM FESTIVAL

Things to do

- Trim hedges
- Find lost leopard in Connecticut
- Spackle bathroom tile
- Charm dozens of women
- Sneak submarine into Tokyo Bay
- Pick up laundry
- Topple German espionage ring
- Charm more women
- Perform brain surgery on Mexican dictator
- Return library books
- Climb Mt Rushmore

No one made perfection look easier—or more fun—than Cary Grant. He charmed his way through some of the most stylish, enduring and beloved films ever to grace a movie screen.

Tuesdays and Thursdays in August, Turner Classic Movies presents 23 examples of Grant at his absolute best, including *The Philadelphia Story*, *Destination Tokyo* and *North By Northwest*.

If you're not getting TCM, call your cable company and ask them to add it to your channel line-up. For satellite information, call 1-800-843-9266.



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The magical transparency
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triggered Evan's new found
interest in x-ray glasses.



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Post-'George of the Jungle' Live-Action Cartoons

BY BARRY BLITT



WEDDINGS *Titanic* director **James Cameron**, 42, and his *Terminator* 2 leading lady, **Linda Hamilton**, 40, morphed into man and wife July 26, in Malibu, Calif. It's the fourth marriage for Cameron, the second for Hamilton. The couple have one daughter together, Josephine, 4.

SPLITS In a move that surprised no one, **Lauren Holly**, 33, filed for divorce from **Jim Carrey**, 35, on July 29 in L.A., citing irreconcilable differences. The couple, who were rumored to be having marital woes, separated on June 25, after nine months of marriage. Holly is seeking spousal support.

LAWSUITS **Carroll O'Connor**, 72, was cleared of charges of slander

and infliction of emotional distress brought against him by convicted drug supplier **Harry Perzigian**, 41, July 25, in L.A. O'Connor had dubbed Perzigian a "partner in murder" and blamed him for the death of his son, **Hugh**, who committed suicide in 1995 after a long struggle with addiction. Perzigian's lawyer says an appeal is planned.... **Bruce Willis**, 42, and wife **Demi Moore**, 34, filed a \$5 million suit for libel and other complaints against the *Star*, July 24, in L.A. The couple says that the recent *Star* stories claiming their marriage is on the rocks are untrue. A lawyer for the tabloid did not return calls.... Magician **David Copperfield**, 40, filed a \$30 million defamation suit against magazine publisher **Hachette Filipacchi**, July 23, in L.A.

MONITOR



HOLLY AND CARREY



WILLIS AND MOORE

Copperfield maintains that a story in a recent issue of *Paris Match* (a Hachette publication), which described his romance with fiancée model **Claudia Schiffer** as a paid business arrangement, is false. A spokesman for Hachette has no comment.

CONVICTED **Autumn Jackson**, 22, was

found guilty of attempting to extort \$40 million from **Bill Cosby**, the man she claims is her father, in Manhattan Federal Court, July 25. Cosby has admitted to having an affair with Jackson's mother but maintains he is not Autumn's father. Sentencing for Jackson is set for Oct. 22. —Anna Holmes

BEHIND THE SCENES

Director Kevin Reynolds continues his education with *187*, a gritty drama that proved even small budgets can mean big headaches. **by Benjamin Svetkey**

Wetter Luck Next Time

RAIN HAS DELAYED the helicopter shot—a sweeping panorama of the Brooklyn Bridge

that director Kevin Reynolds hopes to use as the opening scene of his new inner-city drama, *187*. Dozens of bored extras huddle under umbrellas, smoking cigarettes. The director fidgets miserably around the cameras.

"Water," he sighs. "I'm cursed by water."

Maybe not cursed, but definitely tormented. Reynolds' last film, after all, was the 1995 Kevin Costner-in-gills fiasco *Waterworld*. Infamously over budget, plagued by bad press (*The Wall Street Journal* even ran an exposé on the lack of toilets on the set), and racked by battles between the director and the star (Reynolds walked off the film during editing and hasn't spoken to Costner since), the movie became a Hollywood synonym for cinematic disaster—even if it did ultimately earn \$260 million worldwide.

"*Waterworld* was very tough on Kevin," says his longtime agent, Mike Simpson. "It drained him, emotionally and physically. The stuff with Costner. The weather problems. The press. Plus, he has this hair-trigger seasickness...."

Unsurprisingly, *187*, which stars Samuel L. Jackson as a



REYNOLDS' RAP: The director (above, with Jackson) wants to forget a certain watery box office disaster

New York City high school teacher who relocates to L.A. after getting stabbed by a student, is an entirely landlocked production. Packed with grimly colorful street-speak (the title refers to police code for murder), it cost a scant \$23 million—barely enough to cover *Waterworld*'s Dramamine bills.

"I knew I wanted to do something small," says Reynolds, 45, months after the shoot. "I wanted to pay attention to detail and nuance in a way that I couldn't on *Waterworld*, where it's all about the enormous headache of making sure you've got 500 extras where they should be. I needed to do a movie that I felt passionate about. I wanted to restore my soul as a filmmaker."

187 hasn't been Reynolds' only initiative in the soul-restoring department. During *Waterworld*'s darkest hours, he moved his family—wife LaTanya and daughter Zoe, 15—from Los Angeles to Seattle, a change of scenery that may explain his philosophic outlook on the Zen of filmmaking. "If you stay bitter, you destroy yourself," he offers. "You have to weather the storms. You have to learn from what's happened to you."

One thing Reynolds has clearly learned is how to deal with the press. He's become a master in the art of using unquotable body language to dodge uncomfortable inquiries. Question: Is he worried that an Event Movie factory like Warner Bros.

may be lost when it comes to distributing a smaller, edgier flick—since the studio has sat on the finished film for five months? Answer: Reynolds lifts a finger, points it right on the nose, and smiles silently.

Another lesson he's learned: Sometimes even little movies can cause enormous headaches. Back on the Brooklyn Bridge, the rain has stopped, but a new crisis has developed—there aren't enough extras for the scene. Bodies are plucked from the crew; even a visiting reporter is drafted for work. For the rest of the day, extras crisscross the East River while a helicopter films from above. It turns out to be a painless shoot after all. But one thing hasn't changed—there aren't enough toilets on the set. ■

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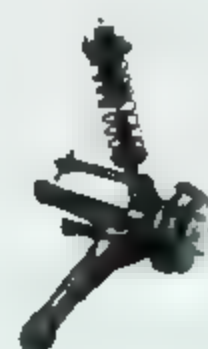
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BIZ

NBC's new sitcom *Union Square* reignites a burning feud between the networks and series producers. by Joe Flint

TV Show-down!



NET GAINS? NBC's Littlefield (left) likes a piece of the action from TV producers; CBS' Moonves (right), while criticizing NBC's tactics, also has his eye on the ownership prize; Peacock property *Union Square* (below)

DESPITE WHAT THE NBC marketing department would have you believe, not all of the Peacock net's Thursday-night time slots are reserved for shows that are strictly Must See. Take the creatively shaky *Union Square*: Given a primo time slot between *Friends* and *Seinfeld*, the fall sitcom aims to combine winning elements from both of its future neighbors (it revolves around a group of pals who congregate at a New York diner). But so far it's had about as much success as a George Costanza relationship—after the pilot received a resounding thumbs-down from the advertising community in May, the lead actress was soon gone and NBC began to frantically retool. By

July's Television Critics Association tour, when nets present their fall shows to the press, *Union Square* was still under construction. Pilots get retooled all the time, of course, but what has industry hackles raised about *Union Square* is that—like *The Single Guy* before it—it's NBC owned. This has added

fuel to a growing controversy: TV studios suspect that the networks, recently freed from the government regulations that kept them from owning much of their prime-time lineup, are now making up for lost time (and money) by filling their schedules with homegrown shows—no matter the quality. That leaves studios and producers unattached to networks (including Sony, Universal, and Carsey-Werner) fearing their series will end up on a laugh track to nowhere—unless the nets get a cut. And the studios aren't the only potential losers: "If shows get on because of who owns them, clearly the viewer pays the

price," says Warner Bros. Television president Tony Jonas. "The networks will lose as well if the show isn't very good. [And] when a network can put on three or

four nights of its own programming, diversity will suffer."

NBC, bolstered by its No. 1 status, has been the most brazen in pursuing a piece of its programming. So vehement is its bid for ownership that CBS Entertainment president Leslie Moonves recently compared the Peacock's tactics to "mafioso techniques."

A bit of an overstatement, perhaps. But it is true that of the 25 regular series on NBC's fall schedule, the net owns or has a piece of eight shows (including its entire Saturday "Thrilllogy"). "NBC said they would own Saturday night," says one studio exec. "You didn't get to the party if you weren't willing to play." That's why *Sleepwalkers*, which replaced the canceled *Dark Skies* (the only non-NBC-owned Saturday-night series from last season), is a joint production of NBC and Columbia.

NBC Entertainment president Warren Littlefield emphatically denies that ownership plays a part in programming decisions. "We don't put a gun to anyone's head," he insists. But a Big Three network exec talks of



BIZ

uncomfortable close calls: "If two shows are on the fence, [programmers] would be fired if [they] didn't take the one the network had a stake in."

And chances are good that to varying degrees, similar pressures are applied at CBS and ABC, both of which are aggressively looking for a bigger piece of the action through ownership of shows (see box). Furthermore, upstart nets Fox, the WB, and UPN were literally created to broadcast their sister TV studios' (Twentieth Century Fox, Warner Bros., and Paramount, respectively) wares.

Can you blame them? For years, FCC regulations known as the Financial Interest and Syndication Rules (or Fin-Syn) kept networks from owning much of what they aired, thus locking them out of the lucrative syndication market, where reruns of hits like *Seinfeld* and *Home Improvement* generate hundreds of millions of dollars (networks, which pay a licensing fee to the producers of a show, had been limited to reaping profits from advertising). Deregulation has thus offered the nets a financial windfall. On the other hand, it's also turned the TV industry into even more of a dog-eat-dog enterprise.

"It's a much tenser business," says Sandy Grushow, who's worked both sides of the negotiating table, first as president of Fox Entertainment Group and now as president of Twentieth Century Fox Television. "There's tremendous acrimony between studios and networks over this issue."

Some are willing to play ball, like Sony's Columbia,

which has agreed to become a partner on such newcomers as *The Tony Danza Show* (NBC) and *The Gregory Hines Show* (CBS). But others are doing their best to resist getting into bed with the nets, with varying success. Warner Bros., for instance, which produces megahits *Friends* and *ER*, has enough clout to say no to NBC. DreamWorks does not. The fledgling studio, owned by Steven Spielberg, Jeffrey Katzenberg, and David Gef-

partner Tom Werner. "We all understand the bottom line, but I believe the networks are best served by building hits."

CBS' Moonves maintains that "there was not a single scheduling move we made because of ownership." While he acknowledges that CBS wants to increase its presence in the programming business, "ownership does not have nearly the upside that having a hit has. The best programs will win out on my schedule."

tion takes at least four years of episodes, so failure can get expensive fast. Some see this delayed gratification as a potential deterrent. "It's likely the networks will realize how difficult that end is and reduce their [ownership] levels," says Andy Kaplan, executive VP of Sony's Columbia TriStar Television Group.

Others aren't so optimistic. NBC may be the most aggressive ownership player right now, believes one studio exec, and "[that] may lead to

 <p>TEEN ANGEL</p>	 <p>THE SIMPSONS</p>	 <p>WALKER</p>
<p>■ DISNEY (ABC) OWNED SHOWS: <i>Boy Meets World</i>; <i>Ellen</i>; <i>Genie</i>; <i>Hiller and Diller</i>; <i>Home Improvement</i>; <i>Soul Man</i>; <i>Teen Angel</i>; <i>The Wonderful World of Disney</i></p>	<p>■ CBS-OWNED SHOWS: <i>Dr. Quinn</i>; <i>Medicine Woman</i>; <i>Early Edition</i>; <i>The Gregory Hines Show</i>; <i>Promised Land</i>; <i>Touched by an Angel</i>; <i>Walker, Texas Ranger</i></p>	
<p>■ NBC-OWNED SHOWS: <i>Homicide: Life on the Street</i>; <i>Players</i>; <i>The Pretender</i>; <i>Profiler</i>; <i>Sleepwalkers</i>; <i>The Tony Danza Show</i>; <i>Union Square</i>; <i>Working</i></p>	<p>■ NEWS CORP. (FOX) OWNED SHOWS: <i>Ally McBeal</i>; <i>413 Hope St.</i>; <i>King of the Hill</i>; <i>Millennium</i>; <i>The Simpsons</i>; <i>The Visitor</i>; <i>The X-Files</i></p>	

Co-owned. *Premieres Fall 1997

fen, denied NBC an interest in three projects; those pilots are now in limbo.

Although NBC often points to the cancellation of its lackluster *Single Guy* as proof that it doesn't favor shows it has a piece of, critics counter that the series did manage to stay on two full seasons, despite miserable reviews and a dearth of creativity. "What is at play here is whether the best ideas are getting made and aired," says Carsey-Werner

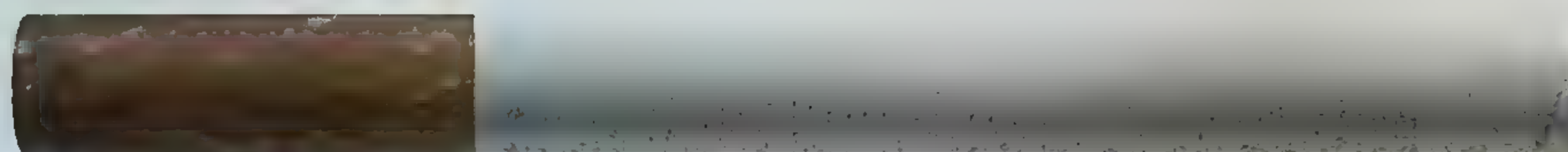
And the economics of producing television (more often than not, a losing proposition) would almost guarantee that. Of the more than 100 pilots produced every year, less than one third make it onto the air. A drama costs upwards of \$1 million per episode; a comedy can range anywhere from \$400,000 to \$800,000 per show, depending on the talent involved (big-star shows such as *Spin City* or *Cosby* top \$1 million). To recoup those costs in syndica-

their downfall" if it chooses shows for anything other than quality. But, he predicts, "the next No. 1 network will do the same thing."

They'd do well to listen to Walt Disney TV president Dean Valentine, who envisions the nets—after satiating their appetite for ownership—as having a stake in "a lot of really bad shows." Bottom line, says Valentine: "It's better to own nothing of *Friends* than 100 percent of *The Single Guy*."

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SEAN PENN DOES NOT WANT TO HURT YOU

Not now, anyway. But the onetime paparazzi magnet is mending his old image—by hooking up with Robin Wright and starring in a trio of new films

HEY DIDN'T HAVE GUNS, BUT SHE THOUGHT they did. They crept up to Robin Wright Penn's Toyota Land Cruiser with their hands stuffed in their pockets, simulating pistols. They ordered her to hand over the keys. "If I was alone, it would've been less harrowing," she says. "It's like, 'Take the car, take the f---ing house, take everything.'" ■ But she wasn't. Her two children—daughter Dylan, 5, and son Hopper, 3—were still strapped in their seats. So before surrendering the keys, the woman who played Forrest Gump's inamorata had to persuade two carjackers to let her kids climb out of the car. ■ Later that May night in 1996, her husband, Sean Penn, marveled at his wife's composure. (In true Southern California style, Robin's 911 call was all over the airwaves.) "She was amazing," he says. "They played it on the news, and I heard her. Her voice was so calm and clear about what had happened." ■ Hearing Sean Penn talk about staying calm

is a little like hearing the Pope deliver a homily extolling the pleasures of *Pulp Fiction*. At 36, Penn has played his share of hotheads and seumbags. A purse-snatching hooligan in *Bad Boys*. A merciless rapist in *Casualties of War*. A budding thief in *At Close Range*. An ice-cold killer in *Dead Man Walking*. And, in *Carlito's Way*, a lawyer. Back in the '80s, when his four-year marriage to Madonna was snowballing into a kind of tabloid *Iliad* and Penn was practicing his right hook on paparazzi, he even got to do some research, courtesy of the Los Angeles County penal system. He spent 30 days behind bars after clocking a film extra in 1987; he had his driver's license revoked. Thanks to these events, Sean Penn can speak with great conviction on the forces that lead

young men to commit acts of mayhem.

But when a couple of teenagers threatened his wife and kids a year ago, right in the driveway of their Santa Monica home, Penn found himself looking at crime and punishment from a fresh vantage point. "That was a toughie," he says, leaning back and taking an extra-long drag of nicotine. "There's the death penalty as society deals with it and legislates it, and I'm against it. But then there's each individual's rage. That got to me, that situation. Whenever I've been on the other side of the law, as it were, I've never conspired to do malice toward somebody, so I didn't feel like now the

shoe was on the other foot or anything like that. I just felt that I wanted to see some serious justice done."

There are times, Penn knows, when it pays to remain calm.

USUALLY, PEOPLE EXPECT SEAN Penn to drink them under the table in some dim, sticky-floored saloon—the kind of cheap-hooch dive that his late friend Charles Bukowski, the Los Angeles writer and Olympian boozehound, used to rhapsodize about. Lots of journalists have come to Los Angeles nursing "a romantic notion of an outlaw actor," as Penn says, but today he's holding court in a dainty, lavender-scented hotel room, watching the fog burn off the Pacific.

Morning fog. Yup, it's two hours before noon, he's just dropped Dylan off at school, and the outlaw actor is itching for wild turkey. A turkey sandwich, that is. "They only have the flat grill, which is all greased with lard. Can't do that," he explains while negotiating with room service. "What about a cold turkey sandwich? That would be really swell. I'm not a breakfast eater."

Sheesh. The only law Penn is breaking is the "no smoking" policy that governs this deodorized suite. He's consuming cigarettes like airplane peanuts, and nobody's stopping him, because Penn is not the kind of guy you chastise for small vices.

So who knows *what* to make of this polite, law-abiding, early-rising, calorie-conscious, really swell guy masquerading as Sean Penn? Perhaps scientists have perfected the technology in *Face/Off* and Penn has swapped mugs with, say, Michael J. Fox? "I'm getting ready to do a movie, and I've got my kids full-time now," he murmurs by way of explanation. "A couple of years ago, Robin and I weren't together, so I would have half the week off."

The laugh—low, stuttered, vaguely zonked—suggests that giving Sean Penn

half a week off is a bit like handing Butt-head a bucket of cherry bombs. But lately Penn hasn't had time to play with matches. For the first time since the Reagan years, he's got three movies coming down the pike at once: Nick Casavetes' *She's So Lovely*, a raunchy romantic fable that landed Penn the Best Actor prize at the Cannes film festival, opens Aug. 29; *The Game*, a twisted, psychotropic thriller from director David Fincher, the man responsible for *Seven*,

hits Sept. 12; and *U-Turn*, a satire on violence from Oliver Stone, arrives Oct. 3. Penn can calm down all he wants; directors are always going to want to cast him as a head case. "Sean was shooting *She's So Lovely* at the time and he said, 'I don't have a lot of time to devote to coming up with this character,'" says Fincher. "I said, 'Sean, this is a guy who's charming and kind of f---ed up. It's *you*. You just have to show up.'"

In July, the actor who says he hates

acting flew off to Australia for a fourth film—*The Thin Red Line*, the first movie that Terrence Malick has directed since 1978's *Days of Heaven*. "We've known each other for a long time," Penn says of Malick, the lyrical Texan who ducked beneath the Hollywood radar for two decades. "I drive across country a lot, so I used to visit him in Austin. He never left the movie business, in his mind; he just moved back to Texas. I don't think he was ever in the Hollywood grain."

Penn knows a thing or two about self-imposed exile. Tim Robbins, who directed him to an Oscar nomination—his first—in 1995's *Dead Man Walking*, heralds him as "the best actor of my generation," but Penn keeps insisting that he doesn't want to act at all. (Unless, of course, he's wooed by the taboo-smashing auteurs behind *Austin Powers*. "I was on the floor with that one," he says. "If I could play his '70s American counterpart, I would do it in a flash.") For most of the '90s, he's poured his time, cash, and juice into writing and directing 1991's *The Indian Runner* and 1995's *The Crossing Guard*, two bracing indie films that fathomed issues perilously close to home—the consequences of violence and booze.

"You can't get paid \$20 million for the kind of movies I want to do," he admits. "There've been a couple of times when I've gotten the offer to do the odd one that'll make the bank big forever. But you start on



MARRIAGE AIN'T EASY, but it's great most of the time. I love Robin. I've always loved her.

After two kids and a tough breakup in 1995, Robin Wright became the second Mrs. Penn in April 1996

page one of the script, knowing what the money is, and you're *praying* that you're gonna find some reason to do it." He sighs. "You can't find a reason." In fact, the only thing giving Penn a hangover this morning is the box office champion of 1996. "I tried to watch *Independence Day* last night, because it was on cable," he says. "I thought it was a big ridiculous crock of sh--."

Truth is, Penn's flight from the mainstream is precisely what saved him from that scatological fate. While legions of his Brat Pack compadres are turning into punchlines (just try imagining Charlie Sheen as a death-row convict), the guy who played stoner saint Jeff Spicoli in *Fast Times at Ridgemont High* has become his class' unlikely Most Likely to Succeed—well respected, if not quite respectable. With a closet full of ubiquitous black suits, an invincible grin, and a James Dean-style swoop of hair that he trims himself, Penn can even manage to look sort of dashing. "Sean has always played a bad boy as a younger man, but now he seems to be coming of age as a bad boy as an adult, more in the mold of Mitchum and Bogart," raves Oliver Stone. "His face is sort of settling into a rugged handsomeness."

"I'd wanted to work with Sean before," says Susan Sarandon, Penn's Oscar-winning death-row confidant from *Dead Man Walking*, "and when I had suggested him for other movies, people always found a way to avoid it. He had a rage, I think, an addiction to rage that he's con-

quered. People were sort of afraid of what level of professionalism they'd get—and sometimes people were just afraid of him."

He knows it. "There's a sense of inauthenticity when you throw a punch at somebody," he says. "We're not meant to hurt each other. You feel stupid, even when you're right."

PEOPLE WERE SORT OF AFRAID of what level of professionalism they'd get—and sometimes people were just afraid of him,' says Sarandon

Below, Penn in (1) 1993's *Carlito's Way*, with Al Pacino; (2) 1995's *Dead Man Walking*, with Sarandon; (3) 1997's *The Game*, with Michael Douglas; and (4) 1982's *Fast Times at Ridgemont High*

FOR YEARS, PENN HAS ALLIED himself with the sort of artists who inhabit the commercial fringe—poetic he-man scribes like Bukowski, novelist Cormac McCarthy, and playwright David Rabe. (Like a lot of autodidacts, Penn's soaked up a bit much of their prose: Listening to the actor talk is like watching a kite buck and weave in the wind; his sentences get tangled in knots. Penn doesn't so much answer a question as impersonate a Beat poet answering a question.)

One of those friendships led to *She's So Lovely*. Back in the '80s, Penn dropped by for a reading at the L.A. home of John Cassavetes, the pioneer actor-writer-director behind indie landmarks like *Faces* and *A Woman Under the Influence*. "He liked me, and I liked him," Penn says. Cassavetes fished around for an old, unproduced script called *She's De*

Lovely—the tale of a stormy, blowsy, madly devoted couple, Eddie and Maureen, who track each other down after Eddie languishes for 10 years in a mental hospital—and gave it to Penn that night. "There was just one thing that I had to know about this character: This guy loved this woman," Penn says. "Period. Nothing was going to corrupt it."

But the trip to Cannes would take 10 years. Cassavetes was dying of cirrhosis, so he and Penn tapped another against-the-grain comrade—*Harold and Maude*'s Hal Ashby—to take over as director. Ashby developed cancer; by 1989, both he and Cassavetes were dead. Determined, Penn eventually struck out to direct the movie himself, but this time the financiers were balking at one tiny clause in his contract: Penn wanted to shoot the movie in black and white.

It was John's son, actor-director Nick Cassavetes, who finally roused *She's So Lovely* from dormancy, nailing down a \$16 million budget from Miramax and asking Sean Penn, Robin Wright, and John Travolta to star—in full color. (The Cole Porter estate asked him to change the title.) If Cassavetes was looking for a couple that could convey the proper degree of crazy love, he'd come to the right place. "The beginning and the end of every day is how Sean and Robin are getting along," Cassavetes says. "You would think, Buddy, get over it. But if they have a bad morning, Sean's broken up about it."

On the other hand, if the Penns were looking for a way to snuff out speculation about their turbulent relationship—something they're shy about dissecting in public—it might've been smarter to star in a volcano movie. Raw, romantic, and tempestuous, *She's So Lovely* is bound to get everyone guessing about the nature



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of their marriage; if the two of them have a hard time seeing the parallels, well, they're probably the only ones:

Robin: "I didn't even think about it, did you? The depths of it? It just sort of..."

Sean: "No, there were things that—of course, you'd suddenly hit upon something that was paralleling an incident on that day."

Robin: "Oh, yeah."

Sean: "Something that felt very... Well, your frame of reference would have a kind of incident that its foremost version had to do with...our own..."

Robin: "Your psyche would remember having been there. With us."

Sean: "Yeah. Yeah."

THE TURKEY SANDWICH ARRIVES on a cart and talk turns to the days before room service. *Long* before room service. "We're basically primordial beings," Penn says. "There's this gap between that primordial man and the future man. You used to get up in the morning, and you'd pick up your weaponry, and you'd walk. Maybe you'd run a little bit. You'd hunt, and you'd kill. You'd come back, and on your way back you'd eat some vegetables. And then"—he gathers a fingerful of turkey, sans bread—"you'd f---. And if she didn't want to f---, you'd make her; and if she still didn't, you'd kill her."

"And then you'd eat what you brought back and share it with whoever did f--- you, and then you'd sleep a little bit. And get up. And then you'd go do it again. There's a lot of that stuff that's in our ge-

netics. But none of it applies anymore."

Ahh. It's just these kinds of open-heart oratories that explain why Sean Penn is not Michael J. Fox. Way back in his own Cro-Magnon period, Penn once called songwriter David Baerwald and proposed that they write a script together based on Baerwald's song "Welcome to the Boomtown." When he went to meet Penn, Baerwald found him in the middle of an L.A. boulevard with a police car borrowed from the set of *Colors*, guiding drivers away from a pothole by shining a flashlight in their faces. "I thought he was out of his mind," Baerwald recalls. "People were just honking and swerving and screaming at him. Nobody realized he was actually trying to help them out."

Around that time, Penn's gossip-column Grand Guignol with Madonna was approaching its crescendo—perhaps

synapse must've tweaked in such a direction where I was persona non grata, and I felt that it would neither be appreciated nor worth my time to express that sort of support. So I just didn't do it.")

Since Penn and Madonna were on the brink of divorce and Baerwald was coping with his own breakup, the songwriter moved into Penn's 50-acre Malibu villa to write the "Boomtown" script. "He threw me out, though, because I riddled his downstairs room with bullet holes," Baerwald says. "And then he repaid the favor by putting a big bullet through this bookshelf of mine."

Somewhere in those carefree days of male bonding, Penn spotted Robin Wright. Wright had traded vows with Dane Witherspoon, a former cast member from her soap opera, *Santa Barbara*. ("Somebody should have locked me in a room on the wedding day," she later said. The marriage lasted a few months.) On the night that Penn and Wright swapped glances, the scene felt like an Edward Hopper tableau—or maybe a John Cassavetes script. "He was married, I was married, and we were both in a coffee shop," says Wright, now 31. "We looked at each other for about 10 minutes. He bummed a cigarette."

Still, they didn't hook up until after acting together in 1990's *State of Grace*, Phil Joanou's guns-'n'-rosaries saga of

HERE WAS JUST ONE THING that I had to know about this character: This guy loved this woman. Period. Nothing was going to corrupt it.'

For his role opposite Wright in *She's So Lovely* (above left), Penn picked up Cannes' Best Actor prize

you remember reports of Penn trussing the Material Girl like a turkey? (At least a couple of hard feelings linger; Penn did not send a gift when Madonna gave birth to Lourdes Maria Ciccone Leon last Oct. 14. "I'm sure I would've," he says, his syntax coiling like a cobra, "but right around that time I started seeing her saying such presumed nasty things about me in the press that seemed to come out of the blue that I just felt that some

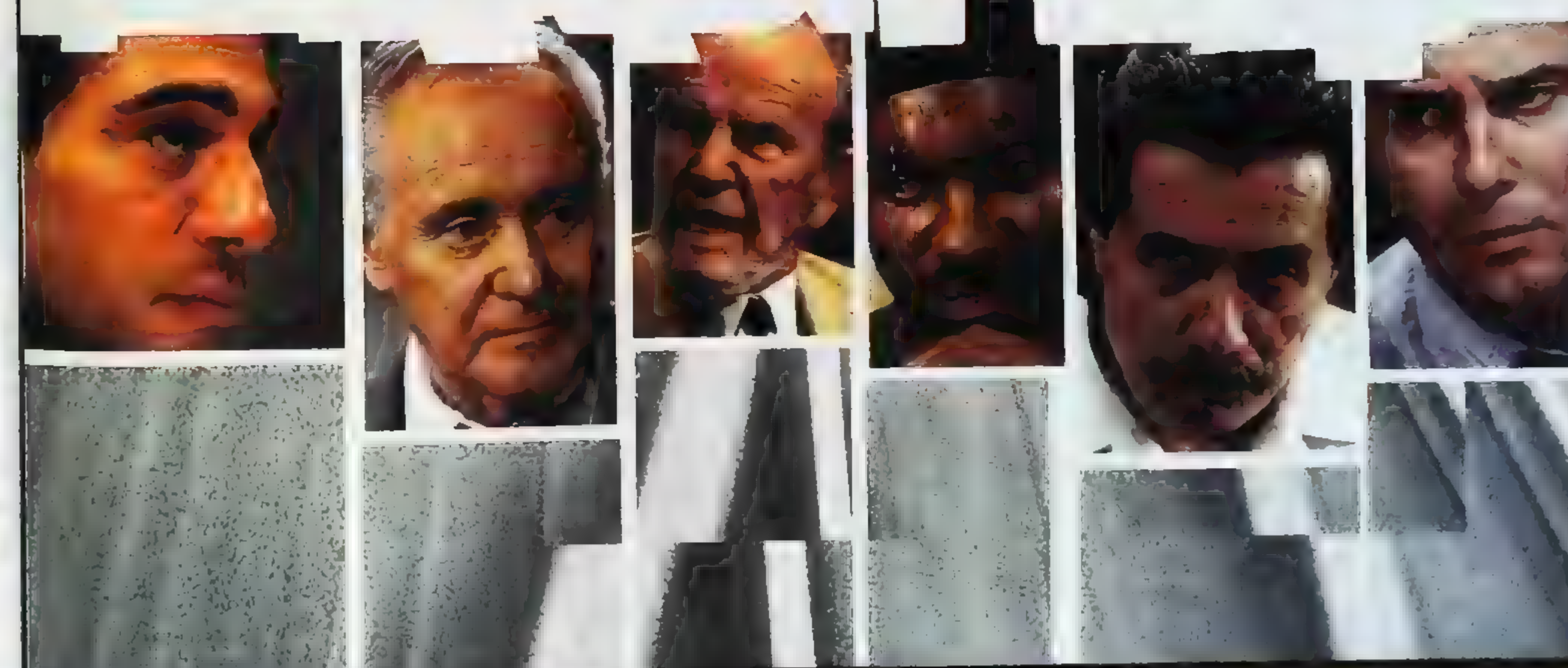
Irish gangsters in Manhattan. "We rarely disagree," Wright says. "Artistically, rarely. That was sort of why we clicked." If, like John Cassavetes and wife Gena Rowlands, they shared a sensibility—a fondness for independent flicks, an ambivalence about Hollywood—they didn't always share a house. There were enough breakups and makeups to tie up the press in knots. "Everybody's got their perceptions and they

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12 ANGRY MEN



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like to write about it," Wright sniffs. "They'll sum up your relationship after seeing you at a premiere. You could have a toothache on that day and—Well, they were fighting."

On the other hand, Penn refers to their most severe period of separation as "a nightmare." In 1993 the Malibu fires reduced his mansion to ash; he soon rolled an aluminum Airstream Sovereign trailer onto the blackened land and moved into it, alone. He was seen courting Elle Macpherson and Jewel; by the fall of 1995 he was telling journalists that Wright had dumped him, that they might never see each other again. ("I don't

think it's good to do an interview and be drinking," Penn chuckles now.) Then, on April 27, 1996, Wright changed her surname to Penn. "Tradition," she says. "I love that. Get married, take the man's name." "Being married? Yeah, it's great," Sean says. "Marriage ain't easy, but it's great most of the time. I love Robin. I've always loved her."

Wait. Take a moment to ask about this improbable leap—from excommunication to matrimony in six months flat—and Penn answers with an epigram from Ralph Waldo Emerson: "A foolish consistency is the hobgoblin of little minds."

He offers another maxim, one attributed to Joni Mitchell. "I don't like monotony," he says. "But this aids me in the area of romance, and it's something you can think about: 'If you want the same same every day, f--- somebody

new. If you want endless diversity, stay with the same one.'"

Which leads, finally, to one word: "Belief."

"I like to believe that love is a reciprocal thing, that it can't really be felt, truly, by one," Penn says. "That on a romantic level, if you feel it about somebody and it's pure, it means that they do too. And if you keep believing that, they come around."

1987's *The Princess Bride*; suddenly, her husband's "irrational obsession" seems completely sane. Wright is blond, high-cheekboned, classically beautiful, with a face that's as delicate and refined as Sean Penn's is scarred and meaty. But she doesn't attract a single shoulder-tapping, ballpoint-pushing, lemur-eyed fan. "I wouldn't like that fame," she says. "I like being able to sit right here. I mean, Sean gets that a lot. It would drive me nuts."

E SEEMS TO BE COMING OF AGE as a bad boy,' says Stone, 'more in the mold of Mitchum and Bogart'

With Jon Voight (below left) and director Oliver Stone on the set of the upcoming satire *U-Turn*

Sounds a lot like irrational obsession. "Well," he says, "I think life's an irrational obsession."

ROBIN WRIGHT PENN IS SITTING just three blocks from their old house in Santa Monica—the site of the carjacking—when a homeless woman shuffles up to a Starbucks on the corner, exhausted, heaped in hillocks of gray rags. "That woman has been on the street since—Jesus, 12 years now. I remember seeing her when I first moved to Santa Monica," Wright muses. "And she won't ask for money. Some days, she doesn't take it if you just offer it. She has a pride."

Wright recognizes the woman, but the morning crowd at Starbucks takes little notice of Wright. Up close, it makes absolute sense that Rob Reiner chose the actress to play the object of worship in

If a low profile is a high priority, she's on the right track. Over the years Wright has turned down flashy, star-minting roles in *The Firm*, *Jurassic Park*, and *Batman Forever* in favor of quiet, pint-size fare like *Moll Flanders* and *The Playboys*. Her choices, she concedes, have led much of the industry to reach a pretty widespread conclusion about Robin Wright Penn. "They think I don't want to work," she sighs. "That's not true. I'm just waiting for the right thing—and trying to be a mom and have a husband who does the same thing."

And now, just as Hollywood prepares to embrace the Penns, the Penns are getting ready to leave. Sick of Los Angeles and shaken by last year's carjacking (even though the perps were arrested and put behind bars), they're packing up for a small town north of San Francisco, a place where, as Wright puts it, "the phone will not ring as much because not as many people will have the number."

"There's not a lot of room to be inspired by anything here," Penn explains.

In other words, there are times when it pays to remain calm—even if Penn's definition of calm isn't quite the picture of small-town serenity. "As Bukowski used to say, just hide out for four days," he says. "Pull down the drapes. Don't even think. Don't read. Just be there for four days with the drapes down."

"You come outside, you feel 100 percent stronger."



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Sam Neill

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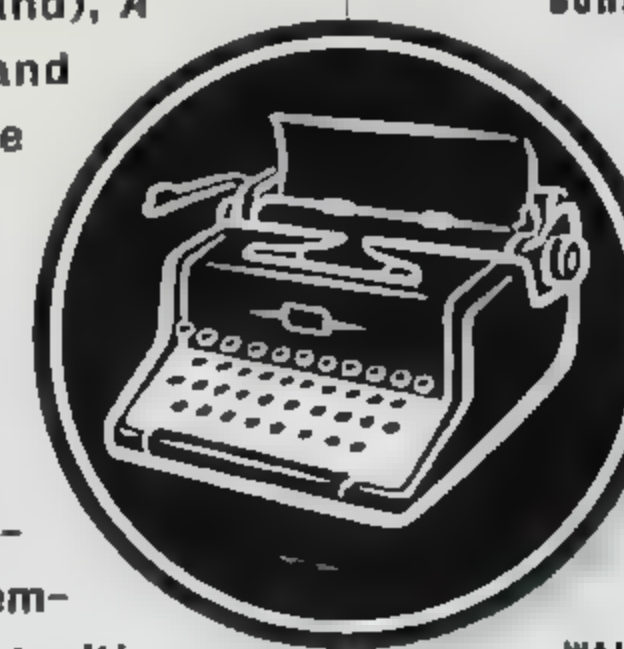
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T A L E S F R O M * T H E S C R I P T

WHAT'S IT LIKE TO BE HOLLYWOOD'S DOWNTRODDEN ONE MINUTE,
AND DARLINGS THE NEXT? THREE SCREENWRITERS TELL ALL.

A STRUGGLING SCREENWRITER SITS ALONE IN A room, surrounded by food wrappers and empty coffee cups, staring at a blank page, knowing his calls won't be returned. A successful screenwriter, on the other hand, sits alone in a hotel suite, surrounded by room-service trays and empty cappuccino cups, staring at a blank computer, knowing his calls won't be returned. Of course, in the latter case, he can afford to sweat it out, what with the millions already stashed away. ♦ Brian Helgeland, 36, Leslie Bohem, 45, and Andrew Kevin Walker, 33, broke in with such low-paying (and low-rent) fare as *A Nightmare on Elm Street IV* (Helgeland), *A Nightmare on Elm Street V* (Bohem), and *Brainscan* (Walker). Since then, they've graduated to dreaming up the blockbusters that keep studio heads in Armani. Helgeland wrote the Mel Gibson/Julia Roberts thriller *Conspiracy Theory*, and cowrote this fall's adaptation of James Ellroy's *L.A. Confidential* and Kevin Costner's futuristic *The Postman*, due in December; he'll then make his directorial debut with *Parker*, a thriller starring Gibson. Walker made his mark with *Seven* and polished this fall's *The Game*, with Michael Douglas and Sean Penn; Walter Hill recently agreed to direct his cop drama *Red White Black and Blue*. Bohem is responsible for, among others, *Daylight* and *Dante's Peak*. But to hear them tell it, even the acme of their profession is the nadir of filmmaking's food chain.



EW: What was your first screenplay?

HELGELAND: *976-EVIL*. You had to dial in to get your horoscope. The original title was *Horrorscope*.

BOHEM: My parents were in the business—my mom was a reader, my dad was a writer and a producer [but they] had no connections whatsoever. I was in this band called Sparks, and a friend of mine called and said that this company wanted to do a movie [about a rock band]. I told them their idea was really stupid, so they hired me. They were even more stoned than I was.

WALKER: What was it called? *Abusement Park*?

BOHEM: *976-ROCK*. When I came back to L.A., the guy they had replaced me with in the band was 10 years younger, way skinnier, had a better haircut, and played better than I did.

WALKER: I love how you tried to steer away from the sleazy movie business by going into rock & roll. When I was young, I just wanted to be the Six Million Dollar Man.

BOHEM: And you are now.

WALKER: Not yet. I studied film at Penn State, and I think the idea at the time was to use writing to try to direct. Brian wants to direct, I want to sleep in. After graduating, I had to move to L.A. or New York, and I couldn't afford a car, so I moved to New York. I worked at Tower Records and wrote *Seren*, which is definitely my love letter to New York.

EW: Are you surprised you became successful so quickly?

BY REBECCA ASCHER-WALSH

WALKER: Given that we don't deserve it? Absolutely.

HELGELAND: You're always looking over your shoulder to see if anyone's laughing.

WALKER: It's the pretender syndrome, just writing garbage I can't believe anyone's paying for. I worked on stuff where I expected I would hand it in, they would ask for their money back, and I'd go back to Pennsylvania and run a video store.

BOHEM: I got that call yesterday.

EW: Have you each written something you knew was terrible?

BOHEM: I tried to write this thriller about a woman who was convinced that her younger brother had murdered her husband. It seemed like a really good idea, but I shot myself in the commercial foot. It was the middle of the *Basic Instinct* spring, and mine was the only movie where the couple couldn't have had sex.

HELGELAND: The worst thing I ever wrote was called *Commune Incorporated*. It was about the last commune in Vermont...

BOHEM: ...God, I think I worked on the same material. I'm serious.

HELGELAND: I couldn't sell it. It's not the worst movie I ever sold, but it's the worst movie I ever wrote.

WALKER: I hate almost everything. You finish something and you know it's just awful, right?

BOHEM: No, usually it's page 6 when I know.

WALKER: I worked with a low-budget company that was trying to get stuff off the ground, with titles like *Blood Rush*, which was about slasher fraternity things. And I *did* work on a treatment for *Abusement Park*. The great thing about horror is you can get away with no happy endings.

HELGELAND: They're actually the most suited stories for movies.

WALKER: People are going to laugh at your attempt to write a really romantic scene. So what can you do to protect yourself? You can shock people...

BOHEM: ...Kill them halfway through that romantic scene.... The worst movie that ever got made of my script was *Daylight* [which starred Sylvester Stallone].

EW: Who do you blame for what happened?

BOHEM: Look at the names on the poster and help yourself.

EW: What was your best experience?

WALKER: I fell in love with [Seven director David] Fincher, because he was going back to the first draft after a long period of development. I did a 140-page draft for another director, and it didn't have any head in the box.

BOHEM: The fact that you were not only able to have the head in the box, but that you got to avoid the inevitable stalking-the-wife scenes, that was truly commendable.

WALKER: Yeah, we were able to have our cheap, obvious, exploitative wife-victim without showing it.

EW: Would you walk off a set if a director disagreed with you?

HELGELAND: I would, but I would try to get rid of them first. I had a project at Warner Bros. where they hired a director, the third or fourth they had put on, and I didn't say, "I quit," I said, "I want him off." Luckily, they got rid of him and kept

me. The film still hasn't been made.

WALKER: They're always going to trust the director over a writer.

EW: Are screenwriters always at the bottom of the...

WALKER: ...sewer?

HELGELAND: It's like the joke of the moron who wanted to break into show business—she slept with a screenwriter.

EW: What's the best way to write a script?

HELGELAND: Alone.

BOHEM: There's a Sunday-night-and-my-homework's-due kind of thing.

HELGELAND: I get misanthropic.

WALKER: What's that?

HELGELAND: Misanthropic? What is it, the hatred of mankind?

WALKER: Yeah, good.

HELGELAND: I kill my kid if he asks me to tie his shoelaces at the wrong time.

BOHEM: William Faulkner once yelled at his daughter and said, "Nobody remembers Shakespeare's children."

WALKER: Do you want to hear my theory on why procrastination is so important to a writer?

BOHEM: Please, take all the time you want.



BRIAN HELGELAND



ANDREW KEVIN WALKER



LESLIE BOHEM



WALKER: It's because there are so many hurdles along the way. When you finish the script, there's the second draft, and the third draft. So how can I fill my life with finished projects? I can finish this sandwich. I can finish sleeping until 4 p.m.

EW: What's fun about the job?

HELGELAND: The money.

BOHEM: Driving down the street and seeing the billboard.

WALKER: Your name on any movie poster.

BOHEM: My first credit was supposed to be on *House III*, but *House II* did so badly that [the next sequel] got its own title, *The Horror Show*. The guy who had written the original script hated the movie so much he took his name off, so his credit read Alan Smithee [a pseudonym used for a filmmaker who doesn't want to be named]. I wanted my name on the poster so bad that I think I'm the only person who shared credit with Alan Smithee.

WALKER: You and Smithee do great work together.

HELGELAND: I wrote a script called *Highway to Hell*, and there's a state patrolman who rides around a highway in hell. His license plate was DAMNED. When I went to the set, the movie wasn't really how I saw it, and the car wasn't really how I saw it, but that license plate was on the car. I have it on the wall in my office, and it's my most prized pos-

session, because it came out of my head. The movie's crappy, and no one ever heard of it, but it's like...it's like you're a tiny God for a day.

EW: What happens when you're rewritten?

WALKER: It's incredibly depressing.

BOHEM: I had a really bad experience on a script that was never made. It was an original script of mine, and it was rewritten, and I was hired back to [do a second] rewrite. And the [first] rewrite was so much better than anything I had written, it just floored me.

WALKER: It's impossible to say, "Oh, they made it so much better. I'm so happy for them to have improved it."

HELGELAND: The thing is to be the last writer on. I also believe that you maybe have two great scripts in you...

WALKER: I don't have any.

HELGELAND: ...and everything else is just kind of professional hocus-pocus.

EW: Brian, you're about to direct your first film. What do you two want to do when you grow up?

WALKER: Save your money, that's my motto. Get ready to hit that f---ing eject. My biggest goal is to leave town when I'm told, and to accept it.

BOHEM: I'd like to get back in that rock band. ■

Don't worry, you've got
billions of brain cells.



BACK TO Bacharach

BY DAVID BROWNE

It could be a typical apartment

on a typical Southern California afternoon on a typical day in 1967. The view from the patio is of clean white beach, the pool-blue sky stretching out above it. Palm trees sway as shirtless kids shoot hoops. Inside the white-shag-carpeted Santa Monica condo, the owner is noodling on a piano. The face and arms are thinner than they were, and a double chin is emerging. But Burt Bacharach's basic features—the rugged profile, the silver mop curlicuing around his head—are still there, 30 years since the time when he was the king of pop. ■ The only thing missing is "I Say a Little Prayer" on the radio—but that's back too, in a remake by Diana King from the Bacharach-fueled soundtrack of *My Best Friend's Wedding*. The movie and album are just one example of how easy it is to bump back into the standards Bacharach and lyricist Hal David wrote for the Carpenters ("Close to You"), Jackie DeShannon ("What the World Needs Now Is Love"), and especially Dionne Warwick.



Bacharach's songs, and the man himself, pop up in *Austin Powers*.

There are two tribute albums—one by jazz pianist McCoy Tyner, another by avant-jazz musicians like John Zorn and Bill Frisell. Oasis put his mug on the cover of their first album, and alternative bands like Yo La Tengo and Hooverphonic have sampled his songs, as rappers have done for years (Isaac Hayes' version of "Walk On By" is a common sample). Coming next summer is a new Broadway musical, *What the World Needs Now*, incorporating nearly two dozen Bacharach-David standards. After a period in which they were half forgotten, Bacharach's suave melodies have crawled into the consciousness in the same seductive way they first did. ■ "Because of the hipster cocktail-lounge scene, a lot of people are picking up on it for its kitschy appeal," says Patrick Milligan, executive producer of an up-

THIS GUY'S IN LOVE WITH YOU: Propelled by a film soundtrack, a Broadway show, and renewed status as the silver-maned lion of pop, Burt Bacharach is charming the public all over again

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KEEP SMILING: "Not an unattractive couple to have around," Bacharach says of his second marriage, to Angie Dickinson, with Mel Tormé in 1967

coming boxed set. "But then they realize how great the songs are." The revival may also signal a generational change. Could it be that the accepted canon—Porter, the Gershwins—no longer speaks to boomers, who want their *own* postwar standards? And could the person at the forefront of the new movement be Burt Bacharach?

Bacharach, 69, won't say—"your theory, not mine"—but he will say the revival is "terrific." Wearing a white T-shirt and black sweatpants, he has curled up on his couch, and he speaks quietly, with a beatific rasp deepened by years of Jack Daniel's on the road. "I know it represents older work. Maybe the newer work isn't as good. And the truth is, maybe I wrote better then."

"Any time you write a song, you see 15 to 20 years later if it still has a life," he continues. "It's much harder to make songs like that now. The new song from *Erta*. Pretty good song. Or the Celine Dion song from *Up Close & Personal*. Great song. That will last. But if you look at what's been out the last year,

like Tony Harvey—is that his name? Tony Rich. Are those songs going to be played in bars? I'm not so sure."

BECAUSE HE WAS SHORT AND Jewish, he drifted into music: It allowed him to meet girls and to satisfy his mother's desire to see him play piano. "I thought it would really hurt my mom's feelings," Bacharach says. "That's the only reason I did not stop." It is one of the few times the word *feelings* emerges in conversation with Bacharach. Like many men of his generation, he is not given to emoting. "I've never been too good at analyzing things," he says. "I go straight ahead."

For years, his career had the same forward momentum. Raised in Forest Hills, N.Y., he moved after college into session and stage work. In 1957, he met lyricist Hal David at New York's Brill Building, and they clicked. "He seemed like a nice enough guy," Bacharach says. "Pretty good work ethic. He'd come in, put his hours in, get in his car, and go

home." Recalls David, 76: "As complex as Burt's music was, it never seemed complex. It always seemed easygoing and natural."

In 1961, after meeting a backup singer then named Dionne Warwick, Bacharach and David wound up writing songs by day and then recording them with Warwick until 2 a.m. "The more I heard what she was capable of doing," Bacharach says, "the more I wrote things that weren't such a stretch." The results were eight top 10 hits for Warwick—elegant sighs like "Walk On By," kicky jaunts like "Do You Know the Way to San Jose," all produced by Bacharach himself—and just as many for others. "It happened over so many years that you forget," says Todd Haimes of New York's Roundabout Theater, where the Bacharach-David musical will be staged. "Listening to 15 songs back-to-back, you realize the incredible magnitude of their work."

In pop as in life, all good things must end. For Bacharach and David, the final chord was struck with the 1973 remake

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Bacharach On His Hits

WALK-ON BY (DIONNE WARWICK, 1964)

"The first time I heard it on the radio, I got in a huge depression. It didn't sound the way it should have sounded. They were pressing records on real crap at times. I thought, Did they use compression molding or injection molding? Crazy stuff like that. Didn't make any difference. The song was a huge hit."

WHAT THE WORLD NEEDS NOW IS LOVE (JACKIE DESHANNON, 1965)

"I remember playing it for Dionne, because she got first crack at just about anything. She didn't like it. And I thought if she didn't like it, the song mustn't be very good. Invalidated it. So I put it away. Hal had way more confidence in it. He said, 'Play it for Jackie DeShannon.' Worked out fine."

ALFIE (WARWICK, 1967)

"One of the best lyrics Hal ever wrote. It was first recorded by Cher with Sonny. His vision was that Wall of Sound—big heavy drums, the real Spector sound. But that wasn't the way I thought of it. I got in the studio real fast and did it with Dionne. I saw Cher years later, and she thought I was angry at her. I wasn't. Like Cher. Just didn't like the record."

THAT'S WHAT FRIENDS ARE FOR (DIONNE AND FRIENDS, 1985)

"The first time I heard it on the radio—wow, I was just overjoyed. It sounded so great. So wide, so spacious. Those voices—Dionne and Gladys [Knight]. What a thrill that was. The record made money for AmFAR. But more than that, there was a consciousness about that song being out there for AIDS awareness. It was a rallying cry. There were times on stage when tears would start coming." —DB



FRIENDS: Burt in 1969 with Warwick and Glen Campbell

of *Lost Horizon*, which they scored. Rushing to finish the music, Bacharach burned himself out. When the movie flopped, he left L.A.—where he'd relocated with wife Angie Dickinson—and lay low in a beach house. The crash also made him renege on a Warwick album, leading to lawsuits from David and Warwick that were settled out of court. "It's about being mature," Bacharach sighs. "I wasn't at the time."

With the dissolution of the Bacharach-David-Warwick triumvirate, Bacharach mostly played tennis and Vegas. "They give you an embarrassing amount of money to wave your arms in front of an orchestra," he says. His retreat didn't help his marriage: He and Dickinson separated in 1976 and were divorced in 1981. At the end of the '70s, Bacharach met singer-songwriter Carole Bayer Sager. "I wanted to take her out more than write a song with her," he recalls. Yet they did wind up working together, and while their songs were simpler than his work with David, three of them—Christopher Cross' "Arthur's Theme (Best That You Can Do)," Patti LaBelle and Michael McDonald's "On My Own," and Dionne and Friends' "That's What Friends Are For"—hit No. 1 in the '80s. But once again, business and pleasure didn't mix, and he and Sager (who married in 1982 and adopted a son, Christopher, now 11) split in 1991.

One positive outcome of the Bacharach-Sager match was his reunion with Warwick. So—has he ever called the Psychic Friends' Network? He pauses but doesn't break anything close to a

sweat. "I did once. I saw her on one night and you know, 'Let me see what happens.'" And? "I was on hold for a couple of minutes. 'F--k this.' Hopefully, she got paid a lot of money."

THE DOORBELL RINGS; IT is one of Bacharach's road singers arriving for a meeting. That Bacharach is still on tour shows his continuing work ethic. Money would not appear to be a motivation. He owns two condos in this unassuming complex. "I'm

not a mansion kinda guy," he says. "Keep it simple." There is a house in Aspen, where he met his current wife, Jane Hanson, 36; they have two children, Oliver, 4, and Raleigh, 1. Neither Bacharach nor David discusses specifics ("We do well," says David), but it doesn't take an accountant to see their earning potential, past and future. They will, for instance, split about \$100,000 for use of their songs in the 16-week run of *What the World Needs Now*—merely one small source of revenue. Bacharach has a second support system as well: his racehorses, two of which took home more than \$2 million in recent years.

Still, Bacharach continues to write. Last year, he and Elvis Costello wrote a song for the film *Grace of My Heart*. This June, they began writing a new batch for a joint album. Bacharach has been so busy, in fact, he hasn't yet seen either of the hit films that use his music. He still pitches songs, not always successfully. He says he's sent "about 14" to Arista head Clive Davis, all rejected. "That's not much motivation, is it?" he says. "It's not enchanting to hear Clive say, 'Nice song, but I don't hear it on Top 40.'" (Davis declined to comment.)

"This intensity could be gone by October," Bacharach reflects. "And if it is, then it is. That's what having horses is teaching me. You win a race, and you want to revel in that and stop wondering about six months from now. That horse may get hurt or may be retired. Stay in the moment and don't worry about when you may no longer be fashionable. The music will survive." ■



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Alli Truch I make the part of the record you don't hear
I design album covers for Elektra.

I make the part of the record you don't hear
I design album covers for Elektra.

- Monty, my nephew, and the cutest guy I know under 5 ft. (He's probably the only thing in my life that doesn't accept Visa.)

When I need to
bring four sequined
bras for a photo-
shoot in an
hour, I go
here.

— I like this place because it's open later than I work.

A gazillion
ticket stubs.
G figure, I like
music.

It's in your wallet.

It's in your life

It's Everywhere You Want To Be.®

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A reward for all my hard work.)

SHOES - \$214.50 (Black, frunky,
with a big heel.)

CD's, CD's, CD's - I gotta know what the competition is up to, right?

LUNCH - \$55.78 (Finalized details for album cover with photographer.)

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REVIEWS

A CRITICAL LOOK AT THIS WEEK IN ENTERTAINMENT



the entire barrel is rotten.

In 187, the "students" have no interest in—or hope of—being educated. School is a joke to them, a lie administered by a world they'd never consider joining. When Trevor Garfield (Samuel L. Jackson), a tall, bespectacled substitute science teacher, wanders into his first

class at John Quincy Adams High School in Los Angeles, the kids throw him looks of pure homicide. Trevor was once a great teacher, the kind of inspirational role model you remember from...well, from movies like *Blackboard Jungle* and *Stand and Deliver*. But in his previous job, at a high school in the bowels of Brooklyn, he was stabbed a dozen times by a thug he was about to fail. Amazingly, Trevor survived—but his idealism didn't. He has fought one war too many, and now, caught in a web of fear and rage, he has stopped trying to get through to kids who don't want to be gotten through to.

Samuel L. Jackson has played cops, crack addicts, chess wizards, and philosophical hitmen, but whether he's appeared in great movies (*Pulp Fiction*) or big-budget schlock (*The Long Kiss Goodnight*), he has always made you feel the pulse of his presence. The power of Jackson's acting has something to do with the tension between his glowering look (the beautiful laser-cut eyes, the sloping forehead) and the sheer mel-

To Sir, With Blood

As a battle-scarred teacher, Samuel L. Jackson faces down a classfull of thugs in *187*, a grim thriller that takes the inner-city high school genre to brutal new depths. **by Owen Gleiberman**

IN SAINTLY-EDUCATOR movies like *Blackboard Jungle* or *Stand and Deliver*, the surly, black-leather-jacketed, weapon-wielding delinquents were bad apples lurking at the bottom of the barrel. They were the exception, not the rule. But the killers, rapists,

drug dealers, and assorted other junior sociopaths who glare their way through **187** (Warner Bros.) represent a new evolutionary strain of secondary-school hoodlum. Unlike the classroom rebels of cinema past, they aren't just breaking the rules soci-

ety has laid out for them; they're writing their own rules. Their criminality, with its echoes in pop culture and fashion (violent thrillers, gangsta rap, prison-tattoo chic), has made them, in effect, an alternate society. All the apples have gone bad now—

lifelike joy with which he caresses his words. One of the most vibrant actors of the '90s, he makes ferocity playful—and vice versa. So it seems an act of monumental perversity to cast him as a high school teacher who has become a burned-out shell.

Watching *187*, we're desperate for a taste of Jackson's wit, his whippersnapper ebullience. His face, though, is frozen in a dread-ridden scowl. For Trevor, teaching has become an act of sheer survival. The director, Kevin Reynolds (*Waterworld*), lingers over the students' menacing stares (these teen ruffians aren't characterized—they're visualized). The unruly delinquents, sniffing blood, bait Trevor as if he were a rival gangbanger begging to be put out of his misery. The strange thing is that the movie agrees with them: We look at Jackson's Trevor and see a man becoming a zombie. And where, exactly, is the drama in that? Staged like a Nike commercial for the apocalypse, with the camera circling past images of

the graffiti jungle, *187* (the title refers to the California penal code for murder) is *To Sir, With Love* turned into *Midnight Express*. It's the teacher movie as high-gloss pressure cooker.

Grimly, the film delivers the tattered clichés of the genre—Trevor's run-ins with the school bureaucracy, etc. But its only real interest is in underworld juice. When one of the kids is murdered, and another ends up with his finger mysteriously amputated, we're invited to ask whether Trevor himself did the grisly deeds. The prospect of a teacher driven to his students' level of sociopathic vengeance might have packed a ghoulish wallop had the film viewed it as tragic. Reynolds, however, is just grinding out exploitation thrills. The climax may be the most egregious scene of the year, as Trevor and his young enemies replay—yes—the Russian-roulette war-torture sequence from *The Deer Hunter*, erasing a thin line between the lurid and the ludicrous. Jean Brodie, get out your Uzi. **C-**



Lass Struggle

Writer-director Mike Leigh fashions a quirky tale out of the time-tested bond between two women

FOR A GOOD WHILE AT the beginning of Mike Leigh's *Career Girls* (October)—when you first see, in bits of flashback, two awkward

young women meeting as university-student roommates in a ratty London flat—you might reasonably assume these bedraggled birds are on drugs, or afflicted with mental problems, or both. Hannah (Katrin Cartlidge), manic and harsh, witty and bullying, can't stop herself from spewing wounding comments in a logorrheic monologue. (She could be on speed, or coke.) Annie (Lynda Steadman), nearly crippled with insecurity and nervousness, is also cursed with a crusty map of eczema on her face and neck. (Per Hannah: "Looks like you've done the tango with a cheese grater.") Unable to look anyone in the eye, Annie droops her head, twitches, and rolls

CAREER OPPORTUNITY: Steadman makes the most of *Girls*

her eyes. (She's got the look of heroin.)

In other words, the two are ideal stars of a Mike Leigh movie. The British writer-director is a strong-willed connoisseur of the grubby (David Thewlis in *Naked*), the misfit (*High Hopes*), and the economically battered (*Life Is Sweet*). Indeed, the accessible, satisfyingly emotional *Secrets & Lies* was almost the exception in Leigh's bleak, twisty universe of the hard to love. *Career Girls* is more like the rule: It isn't easy to get close to these two women. But the effort yields a rewarding take on the resiliency and therapeutic importance of friendship.

The flashbacks to Hannah's and Annie's raw younger days in the mid-1980s—their shared miseries and pleasures—occur during an overnight trip Annie, the out-of-towner, makes to London to see Hannah, after a gap of six years. Those half-dozen years have smoothed the former schoolmates' roughest edges (a maturation echoed in the change to a smoother, more flowing shooting style from cinematographer Dick Pope). Annie's face is clear, and she can look at others without shrinking. Hannah has learned to control her abrasive tongue. The two single working women—their unspecified professions hardly matter—are shy with each other at first but reconnect quickly enough. Rattling around on adventures, they coincidentally cross paths with significant figures from their shared past (including, most poignantly, a large, sen-

sitive, sadly damaged fellow, played with a terrifying display of tics by British TV and theater actor Mark Benton). Then Annie returns home. In the end, Leigh seems to suggest, the friends are as close as lovers, more secure in their companionship than they are with anyone else in their solo lives.

Because his dramas are so famously actor intensive, Mike Leigh production is only as compelling as his players. In Cartlidge, who previously costarred in Leigh's *Naked* and played sister-in-law to Emily Watson in *Breaking the Waves*, the director collaborates with an actress of almost intimidating intensity; there's so much coming out of Cartlidge in her tour de force performance—especially in the flashback scenes—that it's sometimes difficult to see the whole character, and only after Hannah mellows does she come into clear(er) view. But Cartlidge's ferocity is effectively framed by the quieter work of Steadman, another British TV and stage regular, making her film debut. Steadman lets the terrified, yearning younger Annie show through the composure of the older.

And in doing so, she becomes, in a way, the key to Leigh's story. The sophisticated veneers of career girls inevitably cover messes of loneliness and need. And only a friend who Knew You When knows what it's like to come such a long way, baby, so alone. **B+** —Lisa Schwarzbaum

REELWORLD

THIS WEEK IN HOLLYWOOD

■ **BRUSH WITH FAME:** It seems actress Salma Hayek (*Fools Rush In*) will be the first to bring the story of the late Mexican artist Frida Kahlo to the screen. Hayek, who will star in and coproduce the film for TriMark, recently okayed a treatment for a script by Clancy Sigal (*In Love and War*). Eating her dust: Madonna's version, and a project pursued by director Luis Valdez that has been on again and off again for five years. Now that the movie's a go, Hayek's sharing her good fortune; she's setting up a foundation in Kahlo's name to "give scholarships to new artists in Mexico," she says. "I'm giving it every penny I make on this film." —Rebecca Ascher-Walsh



HAYEK

■ **MUSIC BAN:** It's not just the President who got hijacked in *Air Force One*—Randy Newman's original score was yanked just eight weeks before the picture's opening. Newman (*Toy Story*) won't comment, but sources say director Wolfgang Petersen thought the composer's score was too slam-bang. Enter veteran suspense booster Jerry Goldsmith (*Alien*). "It's easier to be the second wife because you already know what the husband doesn't like," says

Goldsmith's agent, Richard Kraft. Goldsmith wrote and recorded 63 minutes of score in four and a half weeks, with an additional 27 minutes written by colleague Joel McNeely. Says Kraft, "I kept reminding Jerry he wrote the *Chinatown* [score] in 10 days"—another case in which Goldsmith pinch-hit. —Chris Willman

■ **LINE DANCE:** Whatever happened to *Blood Line*? The southern Mother-in-Law Dearest thriller starring Gwyneth Paltrow and Jessica Lange finished filming more than a year ago. Since then it has changed titles—twice—and the cast just recently reconvened on a Los Angeles soundstage for reshoots. "It was a question of talent availability," is all that a TriStar spokesman would divulge. "Paltrow and [director Jonathan] Darby could not have done it any sooner." The studio says *Blood Line* will

be released in early 1998. —RAW

TIME ENOUGH AT LAST: Paltrow

CRITICAL MASS

Here's how a sampling of critics and movie audiences from across the country grade 10 current releases.

	CINEMASCOPE Audience Release 10/15	ROGER EBERT Sept. 24/25	GENE SISKEL Sept. 24/25	JAMI BERNARD Sept. 24/25	CARRIE RICOKEY Sept. 24/25	MIKE CLARK Oct. 1/2	ENTERTAINMENT WEEKLY	AVERAGE
Air Force One COLUMBIA	A	C+	B	B+	—	B	A	B
Box of Moonlight TRIMARK	—	B	B	C+	—	—	C	B-
Contact WARNER BROS.	A-	B+	B	B-	A-	B-	B+	B+
George of the Jungle WALT DISNEY	B+	B-	B-	B-	C-	D	B	C+
In the Company of Men SONY PICTURES CLASSICS	—	A	B+	B+	—	B	A	A-
Men in Black COLUMBIA	B+	B-	B+	B+	B+	B+	C+	B
Mrs. Brown MIRAMAX	—	A	A	B+	—	B+	C+	B+
187 WARNER BROS.	—	—	B	—	—	B	C-	B-
Shall We Dance? MIRAMAX	—	B+	B	B	A	B-	B	B+
Star Maps FOX SEARCHLIGHT	—	—	B	C+	—	C	C+	C+

*AVERAGE DOES NOT INCLUDE CINEMASCOPE

THE BEHEMOTH BUDDY IN 'GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE'

FROM TUSK TO DRAWN: PIXELATED PACHYDERM

THE SCREEN ACTORS GUILD could be facing a new threat to its membership: Thanks to computer-generated tricks, four-legged actors—from the chatty barnyard crew in *Babe* to the dyspeptic pug in *Men in Black*—are routinely upstaging their two-legged competition. One of the biggest scene-stealers is Tai, a 27-year-old, female Indian elephant, whose credits include Rudyard Kipling's *The Jungle Book*, *Operation Dumbo Drop*, and *Larger Than Life*. In the current *George of the Jungle*, the live-action comedy based on the old Jay Ward cartoon, Tai gives her most challenging performance yet—as Shep, George's pet pachyderm, who bounds like a dog, scratches fleas, and even munches on a giant Milk-Bone.

"Tai is an incredible animal, unbelievably calm and responsive," says director Sam Weisman. "She could literally hit a mark." But she couldn't impersonate a



canine without the help of the digital artists at Dream Quest Images. According to Paul Jordan, who headed the movie's 3-D visual-effects team: "We had to figure out how to combine the physical limitations of an elephant with the spirit of a dog. Tai could get down into an amazing range of poses, but she does it *slowly*."

To help pull off the script's stupid pet tricks, the F/X team studied elephants and real dogs (Labradors proved the most expressive). For some shots, a houndish panting tongue, perky ears, and large expressive eyes were digitally grafted onto Tai's mug. For more extensive physical stunts, such as when Shep skids to a stop, the tech whizzes created a completely computer-generated 3-D elephant.

Now, if only there were a way to make some human actors seem more than one-dimensional... —Gregg Kilday

TRUNK SPACE: For *George of the Jungle*, Tai's eyes and tongue were given a digital makeover

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PARENTS' GUIDE

BY LOIS ALTER MARK

MOVIE TITLE

GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE

AIR FORCE ONE

GOOD BURGER

NOTHING TO LOSE

PICTURE PERFECT

WHAT IT'S ABOUT

Things get hairy when the jungle-bred human primate (Brendan Fraser) falls for a society gal (Leslie Mann) in this live-action big-screen version of the 1960s cartoon series.

The First Family (Harrison Ford, Wendy Crewson, Liesel Matthews) is taken hostage when the presidential plane is hijacked by Russian terrorists (led by Gary Oldman).

Fast-food employees Dexter and Ed (Kenan and Kel from Nickelodeon's *All That*) have a whopper of a time trying to keep up with the competition.

Convinced that his wife (Kelly Preston) is cheating on him and his world is coming to an end, yuppie Nick (Tim Robbins) teams up with a carjacker (Martin Lawrence) to pull off a heist.

In order to snag a promotion, ad exec Kate (Jennifer Aniston) pretends she is engaged to videographer Nick (Jay Mohr).

WILL KIDS WANT TO WATCH IT?

Yes, and you'll have a vine time too.

Yes. Ford makes one cool Prez.

Yes, they'll put in their order to go.

Yes, this odd-couple buddy movie will appeal especially to teens.

Older girls might enjoy this light romantic comedy, but younger kids will be bored.

MPAA RATING

PG

R

PG

R

PG-13

SEX/NUDITY

Innuendo only

None

None

Scantily clad exotic dancers; sex under the covers

Condoms are discussed; characters fool around.

DRUGS/ALCOHOL

Social drinking, including animals

Passengers have cocktails.

None

Nick drinks; patrons partake in a club.

Cocktails accompany meals.

VIOLENCE/SCARINESS

To quote the narrator, "Nobody dies in this movie, they just get really big boo-boos."

Too bad the real President's approval rating isn't as high as the body count; lots of shooting.

Mostly slapstick

Some shooting

None

OBJECTIONABLE WORDS/PHRASES

Only one

About 35

Three

More than 100

About 25

WHAT'S GOOD ABOUT IT

The movie never takes itself seriously, and there are plenty of laughs for every age group.

The Vice President is a strong woman (Glenn Close).

Your kids may want to give up fast food after seeing what goes on behind the counter.

Eventually the heroes do the right thing.

Nice guys do finish first.

WHAT'S NOT SO GOOD

Watch out for that can't-get-it-out-of-your-head theme song.

Brute force is more effective than diplomacy.

You won't find the movie nearly as amusing as your kids will.

The characters should have their mouths washed out with soap.

You can predict the ending within minutes of the opening titles.

APPROPRIATE AGES

5 and up

15 and up

5 and up

17 and up

13 and up

The Week

Reviews by OWEN GLEIBERMAN, LISA SCHWARZBAUM, and TY BURR

New Releases

ALIVE AND KICKING (First Look, R) It's not just the two-year gap between the 1995 dateline of this heartfelt British AIDS drama and the quality-of-life advances made possible by the advent of protease inhibitors that gives this produc-

tion—so well performed, made with such fervor—its feeling of enervation. It's also the rarefied, lovey backstage world of a dance company in which the story—directed by Nancy Meckler from a screenplay by Martin Sherman—is set. Jason Flemyng (*Hollow Reed*) stars as Tonio, a lithe and

beautiful company star with AIDS who falls into a turbulent love relationship with Jack (*Mrs. Brown's* Antony Sher), a hard-drinking HIV-negative psychotherapist. Tonio's lover has died, and so (at the beginning of the film) has his best friend, the company's creative director. But Tonio doesn't want to take any medication that may slow him down; he wants to *dahhhhh*. And between the arch banter, flirtation, moments of solitary despair, and passionate arguments with Jack—the strongest moments in the film—he does, darling, he does. **B-** —LS

In Theaters

AIR FORCE ONE (R) Richly tense and satisfying. Harrison Ford as the President is such a perfect piece of casting that it's at once a fantasy and a joke: The joke is how perfect the fantasy is. When *Air Force One* is hijacked by a Russian terrorist (Gary Oldman), Ford's action-renege chief executive leaps into *Die Hard* mode. Director Wolfgang Petersen works with clean, swift precision. By the end, even the pop patriotism is charged with conviction. **A** (#389, July 25) —OG

BOX OF MOONLIGHT (R) A joy-phobic engineer (John Turturro) crosses paths with a backwoods free spirit (Sam Rockwell) just when his life is most in need of goosing. Writer-director Tom DiCillo celebrates enchantment with a bag of whimsical details, but the whimsy settles on this fey production like fairy dust on a greasy tabletop. **C** (#390, Aug. 1) —LS

CONTACT (PG) An unfashionably sincere summer entertainment that makes you consider deep thoughts: proof in itself of the ex-

istence of a Higher Power. Jodie Foster stars as an astronomer who makes contact with ET intelligence. Directed, with a big spirit and a *Forrest Gumpish* touch of goo-goo, by Robert Zemeckis. **B+** (#388, July 18) —LS

GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE (PG) Like a monkey pelting passersby with banana peels, this live-action remake of the hip 1960s animated cartoon hits you on the head until you laugh. Brendan Fraser is appealingly game as the human primate raised by apes; Leslie Mann plays a doe-eyed heroine in peril who falls for George's pulchritudinous pees. **B** (#389, July 25) —LS

IN THE COMPANY OF MEN (R) Here's the shocking premise: Chad (Aaron Eckhart), a lethal white-collar company man, convinces his buddy Howard (Matt Malloy) that the two of them should flatter a random woman with attention, win her heart, and then dump her, hard. The wellspring of rage and cruelty first-time writer-director Neil LaBute taps into in this stunning, unsettling, beautifully written drama is so bottomless and fresh that admiration washes away all affront at this ballsy depiction of man's inhumanity to woman, and man. **A** (#390, Aug. 1) —LS

KISS ME, GUIDO (R) If writer-director Tony Vitale ladles on the clichés with extra sauce, *Guido* still has a hey-Ma-I'm-makin'-a-movie enthusiasm that's more infectious than it has a right to be. Nick Scotti is appealing as a young De Niro wannabe who plunges unknowingly into Greenwich Village's gay culture. **C+** (#390, Aug. 1) —TB

MRS. BROWN (PG) It's 1864, and Queen Victoria (Judi Dench), a widow for three years, is in a mon-

WINNER OF THE WEEK

David Spade

The *Saturday Night Live* vet's voice will be immortalized in Disney's upcoming animated flick *Kingdom of the Sun*, reportedly based on *The Prince and the Pauper*, with music by Sting.



LOSER OF THE WEEK

'Hercules'

Disney's animated toughie is a box office sissy, and the film's soundtrack seems to have stalled on the music charts.

umental funk. Only one man, it seems, can snap her out of it: John Brown (Billy Connolly), the royal family's Scottish hunting guide.

SCENE-STEALER

PATRICIA RICHARDSON

There's more to *Home Improvement's* Patricia Richardson than dry wit and keen comic timing. She's spending this summer on the big screen in *Ulee's Gold*, etching a delicate portrait of Connie Hope, the nurse next door who helps a weather-beaten beekeeper (Peter Fonda) bring order to his splintering family. "The scenes were very, very tiny and specific, so I wanted to make sure I wasn't overacting," she says. "I was cautious, like I was walking on glass." Richardson, 46, is equally tentative about other big-screen aspirations. "I'm the person who goes to an audition and thinks everybody else in the room is better for the part," she says. "My only advantage is they don't have to pay me a lot." —Dan Snierson



Dench marshals an armada of frowns and winces, but even as the film teases us with the underlying "sensuality" of the relationship, it fails to make it a convincing bond. **C+** (#389, July 25) —OG

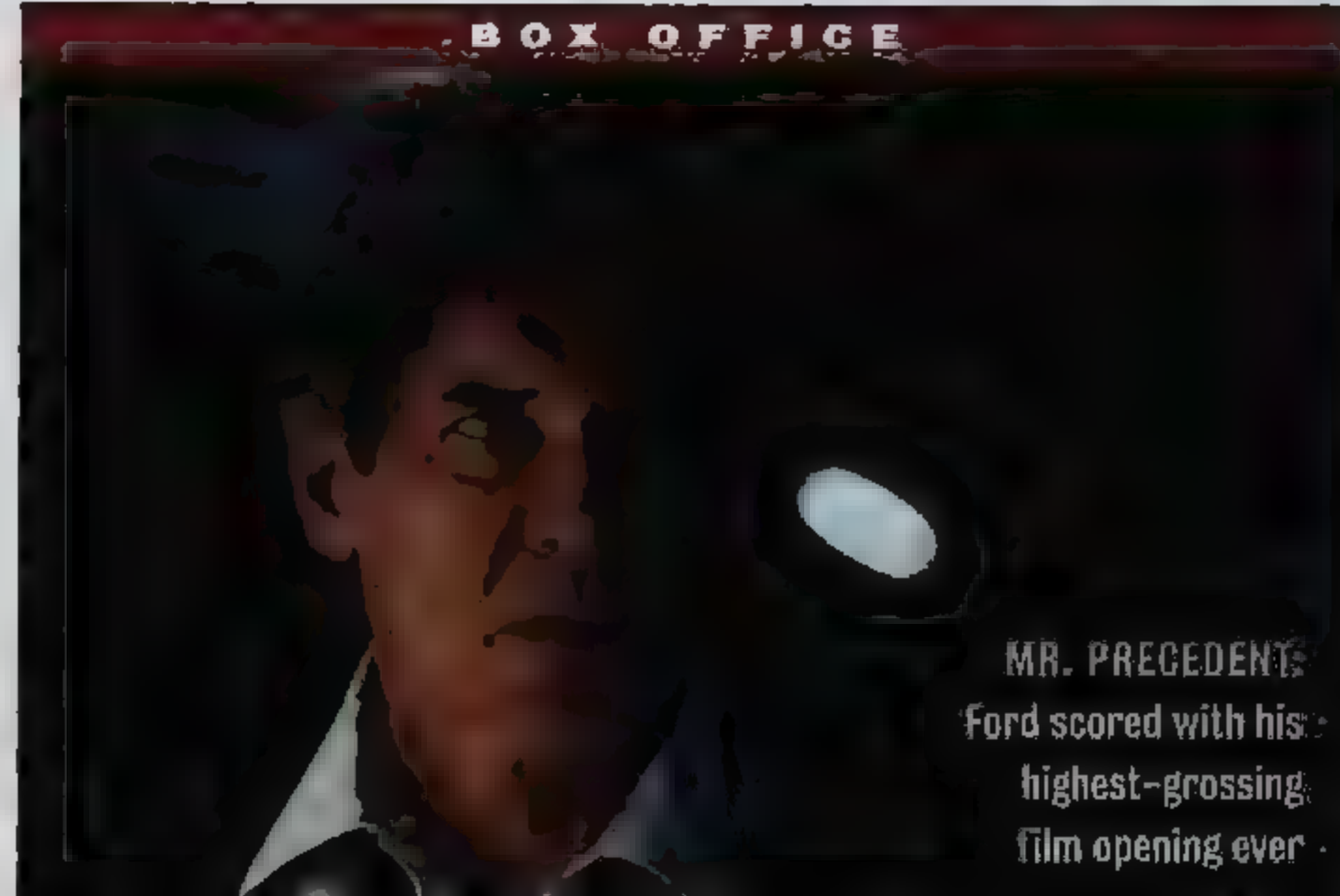
NOTHING TO LOSE (R) Tim Robbins and Martin Lawrence star in a mismatched-buddies-on-the-road story that's sharper and funnier than you'd expect from a racist, formulaic comedy starring a high-minded director and an angry sitcom star. **B-** (#389, July 25) —LS

PICTURE PERFECT (PG-13) The negative: another contemporary story about a woman with a successful career punished with a lousy personal life. The positive: Jennifer Aniston is appealing in this viewer-friendly romantic comedy as a young ad exec who, for business purposes, claims a guy she met at a wedding (Jay Mohr) is her fiancé. But then she's in a quandary when the nice guy falls in love with her while she only has eyes for an office lothario (Kevin Bacon). **B** (#390, Aug. 1) —LS

SHALL WE DANCE? (PG) Shohei (Koji Yakusho), a Japanese accountant, signs up for ballroom-dance lessons and slowly begins to come alive. The romance here is that of a nation learning to dance with itself. **B+** (#388, July 18) —OG

STAR MAPS (R) What if the young Mexican men on Sunset Boulevard who hawk street guides to the homes of movie stars were really prostitutes? That's the intriguing premise of an ambitious debut from writer-director Miguel Arteta. He gets points for originality—but debits for a shaky production marred by weak performers churning up scenes of purplish histrionics. **C+** (#390, Aug. 1) —LS

BOX OFFICE



MR. PRECEDENT: Ford scored with his highest-grossing film opening ever.

'AIR FORCE' WON

UNLIKE MOST RECENT residents of the White House, Harrison Ford doesn't have to worry about his approval rating. His two-listed President James Marshall scored a box office victory with *Air Force One*, which soared past the incumbent *Men in Black* to claim the No. 1 spot. The movie's \$37.1 million debut had Sony Pictures' spin-meisters gushing: Biggest Ford opening ever! (It beat both the four-day, \$37 million debut of 1989's *Indiana Jones and the Last Crusade* and the \$23.8 million bow of 1993's late-summer blockbuster *The Fugitive*.) Biggest R-rated movie ever! (It eclipsed *Interview With the Vampire's* \$36.4 million.) Even President Clinton admitted he liked it so much he watched the movie twice. His endorsement came at the expense of his own "costarring" role in *Contact*—with adult moviegoers getting sucked into *Air Force One's* jet stream, the sci-fi movie lost altitude, plummeting by 40 percent.

		WEEKEND GROSS*	NO. OF SITES**	WEEKEND PER-SITE AVERAGE	WEEKS IN RELEASE	GROSS-TO-DATE*
1	AIR FORCE ONE Columbia	\$37.1	2,919	\$12,721	1	\$37.1
2	GEORGE OF THE JUNGLE Walt Disney	\$13.2	2,554	\$5,167	2	\$48.3
3	MEN IN BLACK Columbia	\$12.4	3,180	\$3,884	4	\$194.0
4	CONTACT Warner Bros.	\$9.7	2,314	\$4,184	3	\$65.0
5	GOOD BURGER Paramount	\$7.1	1,887	\$3,741	1	\$7.1
6	NOTHING TO LOSE Touchstone	\$6.9	1,888	\$3,664	2	\$24.5
7	FACE/OFF Paramount	\$5.8	2,509	\$2,233	5	\$96.1
8	MY BEST FRIEND'S WEDDING TriStar	\$4.5	2,146	\$2,103	6	\$103.1
9	HERCULES Walt Disney	\$3.2	1,957	\$1,610	7	\$83.4
10	OPERATION CONDOR Dimension	\$1.7	1,632	\$1,106	2	\$8.3
11	OUT TO SEA 20th Century Fox	\$1.8	1,438	\$1,146	4	\$23.5
12	CON AIR Touchstone	\$1.0	964	\$1,008	8	\$94.9
13	SPEED 2: CRUISE CONTROL 20th Century Fox	\$0.7	662	\$1,079	7	\$45.8
14	ULEE'S GOLD Orion	\$0.7	350	\$2,027	7	\$5.4
15	BATMAN & ROBIN Warner Bros.	\$0.7	1,090	\$645	6	\$104.6
16	LIAR LIAR Universal	\$0.5	483	\$1,050	19	\$178.3
17	SHALL WE DANCE? Miramax	\$0.5	82	\$7,537	3	\$1.4
18	THE FIFTH ELEMENT Columbia	\$0.4	873	\$625	12	\$51.8
19	THE LOST WORLD: JURASSIC PARK Universal	\$0.4	556	\$735	10	\$223.4
20	A SIMPLE WISH Universal	\$0.4	817	\$490	3	\$7.0

SOURCE: EXHIBITOR RELATIONS CO. INC. WEEKEND OF JULY 25-27 *WEEKEND GROSS AND GROSS-TO-DATE FIGURES IN MILLIONS. †INCLUDES SOME MULTISCREEN THEATERS AND PRINTS SHIPPED AS WELL AS INDIVIDUAL SITES



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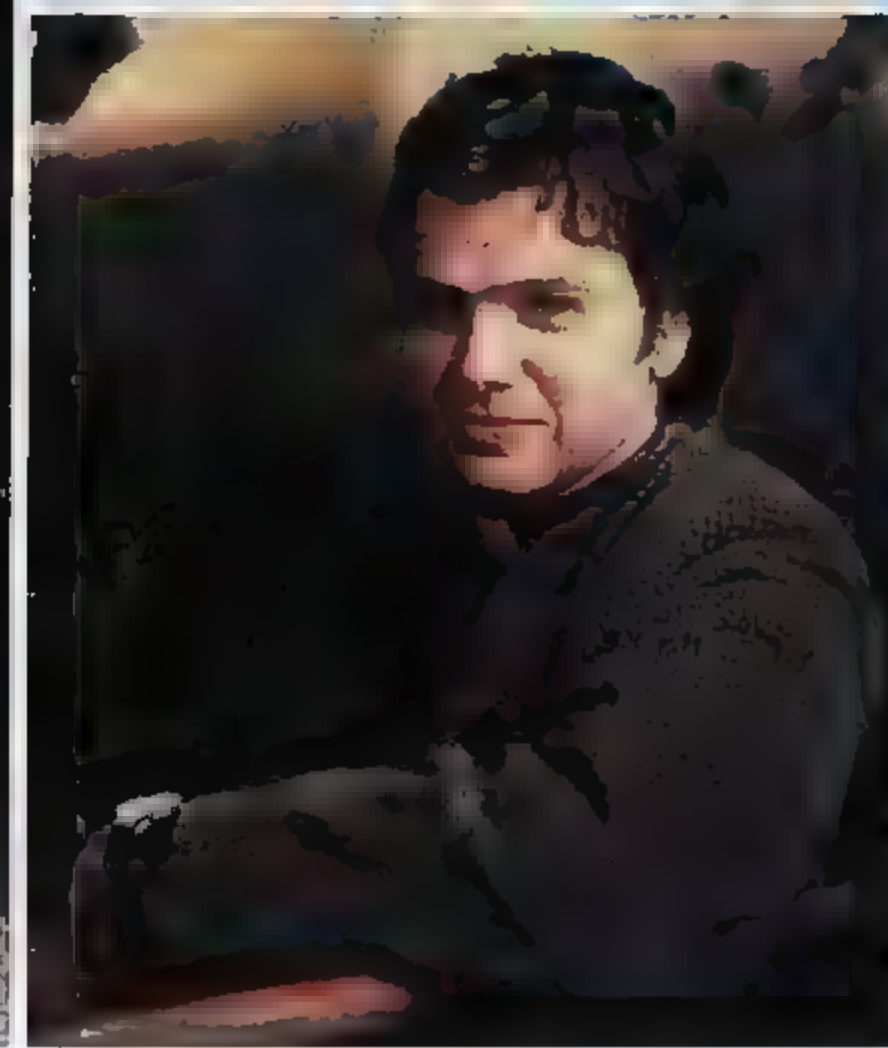
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'Heaven' Can't Wait

With CBS' *Touched by an Angel* getting divine numbers and two new morality plays waiting in the wings, The WB's *7th Heaven* is in danger of having its good work overlooked. **by Ken Tucker**

HEY, THANKS FOR all the letters and E-mail about two recent pieces concerning Michael Landon and *Touched by an Angel*. For the record, I'm not a "God hater," as two of you wrote and a few of you implied, unless your standard of religious tolerance holds a youth raised Episcopalian to be one step away from militant atheism (and I just *know* some of you little rascals do). It's been challeng-

THE WB
7th Heaven
8-9 PM
MONDAYS

ing to think about the connections between religion, family, and television—so much so that I'm going to do it one last time, while urging you to watch one of television's *least*-watched good family shows, *7th Heaven*. This is the ongoing tale of the Camdens—a minister (Stephen Collins), his wife, Annie (Catherine Hicks), teenage son Matt (Barry Watson), teen daughters Mary

(Jessica Biel) and Lucy (Beverley Mitchell); preteens Simon (David Gallagher) and Ruthie (Mackenzie Rosman); plus Happy, the family dog. As conceived by executive producer-writer Brenda Hampton, Collins' Rev. Eric Camden is a mannerly minister of indeterminate denomination—though given the stripped-down decoration of his church and the fuzzy liberalism of his good works, I'm guessing Methodist. Unitarian, maybe?

Anyway, Eric and Annie are sensible, loving parents facing the usual parental battles: Simon wants a dog (Mom and Dad say yes); Mary wants a tattoo (Mom and Dad say no, so she gets a wash-off-able one); Matt finds himself attracted to a flirty mid-

PSALM LIKE IT HOT:

(Clockwise from top left) Come next fall, *7th Heaven* will have *Dawson's Creek* and *Nothing Sacred* to contend with



7TH'S DEADLY SIN? The misleading campaign hopes to arouse viewer interest with *Party of Five*-style ads

dle-aged friend of his mother's (Mom and Dad say no, in thunder!). It's all very contemporary *Waltons*—usually huggy at the end of the hour but with enough quirks to keep you intrigued. For one thing, the kids' rooms are more realistically messy than any other TV kids'; for another, as Mary says, "Mom's a lot tougher than Dad." It's true: Hicks, who has the sort of sweet-sad smile that always has her looking as if she's about to burst into gentle tears, does a fine job of making Annie a stubbornly principled housewife, and there were a few excellent story lines last season about the death of her mother and her feisty relationship with her own father, played by *Mary Hartman's* Graham Jarvis.

On *7th*, moral lessons are taught regularly but without self-righteousness or cant; this is one of the rare shows in which religious beliefs are shown to be part of a family's everyday approach to life rather than a set of self-imposed rules. No matter what the plot, a recurring theme is

trust: You raise your kids as best you can, and then you have to give them the chance to cut loose and make mistakes rather than instill the threat that they'll burn in perdition if they screw up.

To its credit, The WB has spent the summer promoting *7th* heavily, hoping viewers will catch the show in reruns and build on its audience for next season. To its discredit, the hapless network is going about it the wrong way, trying to reposition *7th* as the latest variation on *Party of Five* by playing up the pouty good looks of Watson and Biel. Maybe you've seen the ads (some on bus kiosks and telephone booths) featuring soulful pictures of the two actors (his tag line: "When you're the minister's son, people talk"). What's up with that? Trying to lure people to *7th* by touting it as something it's not (i.e., a breeding farm for teen idols) is a good way to alienate everybody.

Next season, there'll be two new shows that will overlap with *7th*'s concerns in different ways. ABC's outstanding-looking *Nothing Sacred* features a liberal priest who could have been Rev. Eric Camden's unruly student; The WB's *Dawson's Creek* really is the latest variation on *Party of Five*, though more daringly written. Given the competition, I doubt things will get any easier for *7th Heaven* during its sophomore season, but who knows? The show could catch on. As the reverend Camden might say, viewers work in mysterious ways, their motives known to few. **B**

ON THE AIR

THE LATEST NEWS FROM THE TV BEAT BY JOE FLINT

■ **RIGHT MOVES:** Apparently ABC Entertainment president Jamie Tarses found time for work amid all the speculation on her future with the net-



RIGHT'S BURNS AND HARRIS

work. Tarses and ABC have landed *Something So Right*, the freshman sitcom canceled by NBC at the end of last season. Performance wasn't terrible: *Something* had been regularly making the top 40 on Tuesdays at 8:30. But the Peacock felt the slot could do better and chose to give it to the underperforming *News-Radio* this fall. Universal, which produces *Something*, was devastated by the cancellation: The show had looked like a bright spot in the studio's struggling TV division; Universal even rewarded the sitcom's creators, Judd Pillot and John Peaslee, with a multimillion-dollar development deal.

But fortunately for Universal, Tarses moved to ABC. In her former position as senior VP at NBC, she helped develop *Something So Right*. When the Peacock began making noises

about cutting it loose last spring, Tarses met with Universal execs in the hopes of cutting an ABC deal. That caused NBC to reconsider the show, prompting rumors it would return as a mid-season replacement. ABC did the next best thing, signing *Something* star Jere Burns (who costars with Mel Harris) to a development deal. That way, if NBC passed, ABC would be halfway home to landing the series. It worked. Now NBC is miffed ABC might make a hit out of one of its rejects—something the Peacock had already done to ABC with *3rd Rock From the Sun*.

The interesting dilemma for ABC will be where to put *Something* once it returns next season. The ideal spot would be between the family comedies *Soul Man* and *Home Improvement*—coincidentally, Tuesdays at 8:30. For the moment, however, that slot is set for *Over the Top*, a sitcom developed for ABC by none other than Tarses' ex-flame, Robert Morton.

■ **AND SO ON...** *Something So Right* isn't the only show finding new life. Fox, which lost to ABC in last spring's Arsenio Hall bidding war, is talking with the onetime late-night yakker about a possible series. It's unlikely Fox would try to save *Arsenio*, which tanked on ABC; odds are better that it would develop a new project—and hope that viewers have very short memories. ■

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WHAT to WATCH

A DAY-TO-DAY GUIDE TO NOTABLE PROGRAMS. TIMES ARE EASTERN DAYLIGHT AND ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

MONDAY

Aug. 4

1-6PM

USA SUMMER SCHOOL DAZE (USA, TV-PG) A teen-angst double feature—*Little Sister* (1992), starring Alyssa Milano, and Molly Ringwald's signature *Sixteen Candles* (1984)—serves as a warm-up to the debut of *USA High*, a comedy about a gaggle of American high schoolers in Paris.

8-9PM

BIOGRAPHY (A&E, TV-G) Just in time to hype the upcoming "indie" feature *Cop Land*, A&E gives Sylvester Stallone the chance to see his life flash before his eyes.

8:30-9PM

EVERYBODY LOVES RAYMOND (CBS, TV-PG) In succeeding Robert as coach of their basketball team, Ray allenates his under-achieving bro and irks the rest of the brood. (R)

9-11PM

ANIME WEEK (Sci-Fi Channel, TV-14) A look at the stuff that made cartoons cool in Japan, starting with the adventure saga *Irla: Zelram the Animation* (part two airs Aug. 5).

SERIES DEBUT

SYNDICATED*
THE KEENEN IVORY WAYANS SHOW (TV-PG) The ex-*In Living Color* impresario throws one more hat into the late-night ring (see box below).

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

11PM-MIDNIGHT
OZ (HBO, TV-MA) When a 24-hour prisoner lockdown doesn't halt the flow of drugs into the maximum-security facility, speculation turns to the possibly corrupt powers that be.



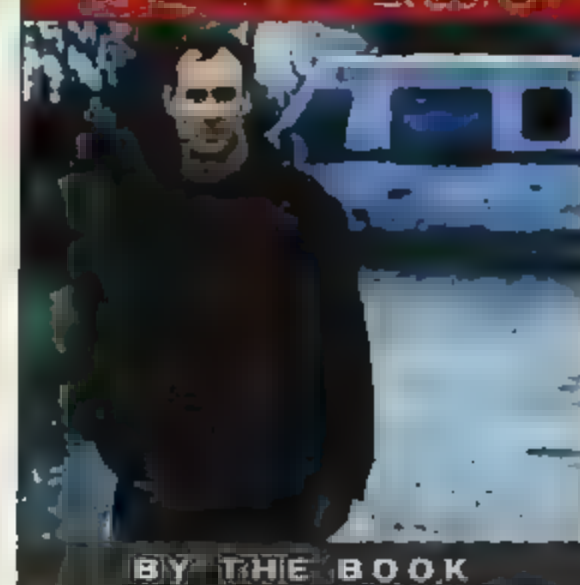
BREAKING AND ENTERING

SYNDICATED*
VIBE "[This] time, you have a brother who gets to go into a million people's homes, and it's legal," says comic Chris Spencer (above) of his new late-night talk show, produced by Quincy Jones. Undaunted by the competition with Jay, Dave, even Keenen, Spencer shrugs, "All needed Frazier, the Celtics needed the Lakers, the Crips needed the Bloods. That way you know you're the best."

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

TUESDAY

Aug. 5



BY THE BOOK

9-10PM*

HITCHHIKING VIETNAM: LETTERS FROM THE TRAIL (PBS) Karin Muller's video document of her fascinating, life-threatening seven-month trek.

*CHECK LOCAL LISTINGS

8-11:05PM

THE SHINING (TNT, TV-14) Stanley Kubrick's 1980 feature is the first leg of a Stephen King triple play that includes 1976's prom-night screamer *Carrie* and the horror-melster's 1985 anthology, *Cat's Eye*.

10-11PM

NYPD BLUE (ABC, TV-14) Simone and Sipowicz raise the ire of their uniformed colleagues when their murder investigation implicates a man in blue. (R)

8-10PM
INTENSITY (Fox, TV-14) In the adaptation of Dean Koontz's 1996 thriller, Molly Parker plays a woman who views her pursuit of homicidal maniac Edgler Vess (John C. McGinley, above) as the chance to redress the disempowering wrongs of her childhood. Things get off to a trite start, but stick with it; in part 2 (airing Aug. 6) McGinley's bug-eyed menace kicks into high gear. —Mike Flaherty



Choice Reruns

WHO EVER THOUGHT Chuck Norris would wind up on the Arts & Entertainment network? Yet that's exactly where he is with *Code of Silence* (A&E, Aug. 8, 9-11 p.m.), his best—and some would say his only good—movie. The 1985 flick casts Norris as a Chicago police officer simultaneously fighting drug lords and corrupt cops. *Code* boasts tight direction by Andrew Davis (*Under Siege*, *The Fugitive*) and a solid supporting cast, including *Crime Story*'s Dennis Farina—a real-life ex-Chicago cop—as Norris' boss. For prime Chuck fans, second helpings of Norris' CBS series *Walker, Texas Ranger* (USA, weeknights starting Aug. 4, 8-9 p.m.) should satisfy your appetite for red-meat action. Norris plays a member of the Lone Star State's most elite law-enforcement agency who somehow manages to get himself into situations that can only be resolved with a roundhouse kick. A surprise smash for CBS on Saturday nights, *Walker* should fit more snugly alongside USA's pro wrestling than old episodes of *Murder, She Wrote* ever did. Better still, maybe it'll keep the cable channel from airing yet another hour of *Wings* repeats. —BF

JUST FOR KICKS: Chuck Norris puts his most lethal foot forward in *Code* and *Walker*

WHAT TO WATCH

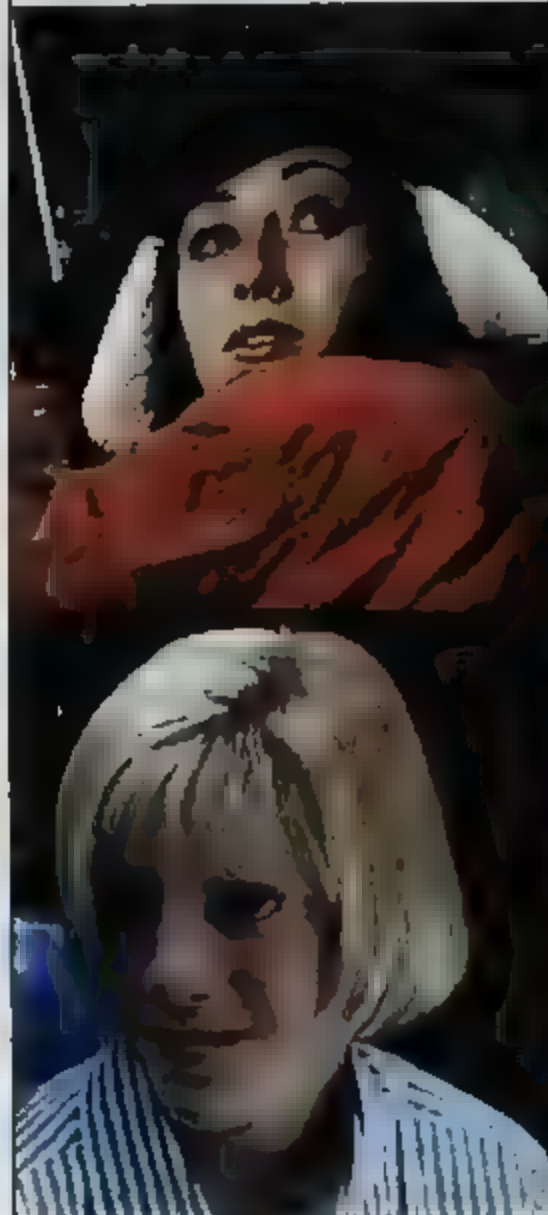
WEDNESDAY Aug 6

6-8PM
THE LAST TIME I SAW ARCHIE (Turner Classic Movies, TV-G) The 1961 Robert Mitchum comedy leads off a marathon of the late legend's films including such classics as *Cape Fear* (1962) and *The Night of the Hunter* (1955).

8-9PM
27TH & PROSPECT: ONE YEAR IN THE FIGHT AGAINST DRUGS (HBO, TV-14) Kansas City is the setting for the documentary look at one neighborhood's attempts to turn back the narcotic tide.

9-9:30PM
THE DREW CAREY SHOW (ABC, TV-PG) Ed Begley Jr. guests as a businessman looking to co-opt the boys' Buzz Beer by marketing the more yupplified Cap-Beer-Cino. (R)

9:30-10PM
ELLEN (ABC, TV-PG) Hospital volunteer Ellen subjects one of her patients (guest star Michael Des Barres) to an autobiographical walk down memory lane in a flashback-rich episode. (R)



8-10PM
MOTHER MAY I SLEEP WITH DAN-GER? (NBC, TV-14) **9-11PM**
THE TICKET (USA, TV-PG) The prime-time Fates may have separated them once before, but former *90210* costars Shannen Doherty (left, above) and Tori Spelling (below) now stand united as queens of the TV-movie kingdom. Exhibit A: 1996's *Mother*, starring Tori as a plucky girl who falls for an obsessive sicko (oops!). Exhibit B: In *Ticket*, USA's latest thriller, Shannen plays a not-so-lucky lottery winner who, after a plane crash, is stranded in the frozen wilderness with her husband. Where's Luke Perry when you need him?

THURSDAY Aug 7



8-9:30PM
GARTH LIVE FROM CENTRAL PARK (HBO, TV-G) Believe it or not, America's biggest-selling solo artist hasn't played the Big Apple in seven years. Brooks rectifies that situation in a big way, bringing his five-gallon hat and 62-million-copy sales record to a free concert on the park's North Meadow.

8-9PM
BIOGRAPHY (A&E, TV-G) A sure-to-be-reverential profile of the pantheonic personage who brought us Hud, Harry Frigg, Butch Cassidy, Cool Hand Luke, and some awfully delicious salad dressing: Paul Newman.

8-8:30PM
FRIENDS (NBC, TV-PG) Ross contends with Rachel's first post-breakup date, and Joey endures an apparently unrequited crush. (R)

9-9:30PM
SEINFELD (NBC, TV-PG) Elaine becomes a social pariah for hating *The English Patient*. (R)

9:30-10PM
SUDDENLY SUSAN (NBC, TV-PG) The cameo-bonanza sweeps episode boasts appearances by Donald Trump, Mr. T, John McEnroe, and San Francisco mayor Willie Brown as Jack's opponents in a disastrous poker game. (R)

SERIES DEBUT

10:30-11PM
ROUGH CUT (TNT, TV-PG) The magazine series offers news about, analysis of, and the proverbial behind-the-scenes look at the machinations of the movie biz. Included in the premiere: an interview with hipster auteur Quentin Tarantino.

The Guest List

Look Who's on The Couch This Week
(SUBJECT TO CHANGE)



REGIS & KATHIE LEE Monday Shaquille O'Neal, John Leguizamo **Tuesday** Cameron Finley (*Leave It to Beaver*), musical guest Al Jarreau **Wednesday** Janeane Garofalo, musical guests Chicago **Thursday** Barbara Walters, Itzhak Perlman, Jay Thomas **Friday** Alicia Silverstone, musical guests Backstreet Boys

ROSIE O'DONNELL Monday Tom Cruise, Renée Zellweger, Cuba Gooding Jr. (R) **Tuesday** Adam Arkin, Debi Mazar, musical guest Sting (R) **Wednesday** Alec Baldwin, Luke Perry, musical guests Indigo Girls (R) **Thursday** Julianna Margulies, Paula Poundstone, Steven Weber (R) **Friday** Rob Lowe, Dixie Carter, Daniel Stern (R)

DAVID LETTERMAN Monday Bob Dole, Bill Bellamy, musical guests Ziggy Marley & the Melody Makers **Tuesday** Ray Liotta, David Brenner **Wednesday** Jay Thomas, Annabella Sciorra, musical guests Tonic **Thursday** Sylvester Stallone, Tommy Lasorda **Friday** Demi Moore, Jay Mohr, musical guests Aerosmith

JAY LENO Monday Sylvester Stallone, magician Lance Burton **Tuesday** Mira Sorvino, Jonathan Taylor Thomas **Wednesday** Shaquille O'Neal **Thursday** Mel Gibson, Cal Ripken Jr., musical guest Fiona Apple **Friday** Jennifer Aniston, Magic Johnson

CONAN O'BRIEN Monday Marisa Tomei, Eugene Levy, musical guest the Reverend Horton Heat (R) **Tuesday** John Leguizamo, musical guest Mary Black **Wednesday** Garth Brooks, Brian Williams

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WHAT TO WATCH

FRIDAY

Aug. 8

9-10PM
DATELINE NBC (NBC) In an installment seemingly more appropriate for Robert Stack than Stone Phillips, the unsolved 1977 disappearance of candy heiress Helen Brach is investigated.

9-10PM
MILLENNIUM (Fox, TV-14) That pesky apocalypse rears its head again, as Frank believes a series of murders may be attributable to a force bent on achieving the end time. CCH Pounder (ER) guests. (R)

10-11PM
HOMICIDE: LIFE ON THE STREET (NBC, TV-14) A powerful standout from last season, "Prison Riot"

guest-stars Charles Dutton as the recalcitrant witness to a jailhouse murder. (R)

11-11:15PM
SPACE GHOST COAST TO COAST (Cartoon Network, TV-Y7) Comedians Bobcat Goldthwait and Judy Tenuta and a retrospective reel are the highlights of the "37th show anniversary celebration spectacular-mathon."



TIGER WOODS

8-9:30PM
KILLER: A JOURNAL OF MURDER (Cinemax, R) The Oliver Stone-produced 1996 feature sports James Woods (above) in typically inspired sociopath mode as a death row inmate who regales a greenhorn prison guard (Robert Sean Leonard) with the hows and whys of his violent history.

SATURDAY

Aug. 9



TIME WARPED AGAIN

9-10:30PM
A VERY BRADY SEQUEL (HBO, PG-13) As cheesy as a wheel of brie and loving it, the second feature-length revisitation of the campy '70s sitcom adds magic mushrooms, an incestuous insinuation between elder siblings Marla and Greg, and the ever-serviceable Tim Matheson (above, with Bunch) to the high-concept irony-fest.

9-11PM
BOMBSHELL (Sci-Fi Channel) The pharmaceutical industry is the backdrop for the original film, starring Henry Thomas, Mädchen Amick, and Frank Whaley, about a corporate whistleblower (Thomas) who is implanted with a "nano-bomb" designed to afflict him with terminal cancer.

10PM-MIDNIGHT
THE IRA GERSHWIN CENTENARY CONCERT: WHO COULD ASK FOR ANYTHING MORE? (A&E, TV-G) The other Gershwin finally gets his props in the tribute taped at London's Royal Albert Hall. Tony Bennett and Liza Minnelli fete the legendary lyricist.

SUNDAY

Aug. 10



WHITE HOUSE ROCK

8-10PM
GRACE, CAROLINE, STEPHANIE: THE CURSE OF THE ROYAL FAMILY—THE E! TRUE HOLLYWOOD STORY (E!) Tragic death, infidelity, speedboat accidents...The compassionate folks at E! explain why the titular Monte Carlo clan just can't get a break.

8-9PM
BRAVO PROFILES: VAN MORRISON (Bravo, TV-PG) The film and arts network's portrait of the mercurial Irish singer-songwriter features concert footage and a rare interview.

8:30-11PM
MURDER IN THE FIRST (NBC, TV-14) The 1995 film stars Kevin Bacon as a condemned Alcatraz prisoner and Christian Slater as the lawyer who defends and befriends him.

9-11PM
SHARK WEEK (Discovery Channel, TV-PG) The 10th annual homage to the lean, mean killing machines starts with *Shark Bites*, a sort of *That's Entertainment* of undersea cinematography (through Aug. 17).

10-11PM
RITUALS OF THE WORLD: RITES OF PAIN (The Learning Channel, TV-14) Impaled Hindus, flagellat-

9-10:35PM
ELVIS MEETS NIXON (Showtime, TV-14) The most bizarre tribute timed to the 20th anniversary of Presley's passing, this mockudrama re-creates a footnote in pop-cultural history—the 1970 day when the Pelvis dropped in on Tricky Dick at the White House to volunteer for the war on drugs. Padded out with self-satirizing testimonials from the likes of Dick Cavett and Wayne Newton, the script, by *Head of the Class* grad Alan Rosen, isn't as sharp as it should be. But the revved-up direction of Allan Arkush (*Rock 'n' Roll High School*) and the hilariously awkward performance of Bob Gunton (*The Shawshank Redemption*) as Nixon buoy the movie. As for the Man Who Would Be King, Rick Peters delves beyond mere Elvis-imperator shtick to reveal the tortured soul lurking beneath his ticky-tacky exterior. —BF

ed Spaniards, and a Brazilian doc who performs brain and cataract surgery sans anesthesia are among the testaments to the apparently unlimited och tolerance of those of great faith.

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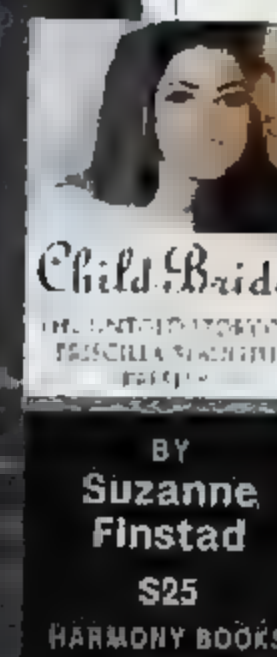
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ELVIS AND HER: The Presleys strike a Gothic pose in Beverly Hills in 1969.



niversary of Elvis' death. And Finstad, a journalist and former lawyer who has previously written books about Howard Hughes' heirs and two true-crime cases, adds to the mound of commemorative Presleyana by demonstrating, tirelessly and grimly, that Elvis' ex-wife, Priscilla Beaulieu Presley—Scientologist, karate buff, doyenne of Graceland, mother of Lisa Marie, and onetime mother-in-law of Michael Jackson—is far more complicated than the image of the tender lovin' widow she would like to present.

Are you surprised? I didn't think so. Still, out of her impressively obsessive research (undertaken, from the tone of the writing, with all the joy of a minister at a Metallica concert), the biographer has come up with a couple of interesting themes about this tough little Texas-born chickie's life.

For one, there's Priscilla's collusion with her mother to keep her paternity a secret. The baby girl was born Priscilla Ann Wagner; her father, a Navy pilot, was killed in a plane crash when she was an infant. And when Priscilla's mother, Ann, wed Air Force captain Joseph Paul Beaulieu, she chose to wipe out all Wagner references, anxiously encouraging her daughter to do the same. "Was Ann hiding some more dangerous family secret?" Finstad asks, in one of the many rhetorical devices with which she regularly jump-starts her text. Dunno, except, Finstad suggests, Captain Beaulieu was no pie-mie, and young Priscilla learned early on to live with secrets and false fronts.

Backed up by interviews with scores of sources (most

All Shook Up

For years, reporters have rattled the Elvis legend in search of fresh clues to his bizarre life. Now Priscilla's secrets come rolling out in a juicy investigative bio. **by Lisa Schwarzbaum**

HOW OLD WAS PRISCILLA ANN Beaulieu when she took up with Elvis Aaron Presley? Was she the virgin Elvis thought her to be? What did Elvis want to do to her legs? And what was the deal with the King's private parts?

The answers, according to

Suzanne Finstad in *Child Bride*, are (1) 14—regardless of what Priscilla Presley herself may have said in her bestselling 1985 autobiography, *Elvis and Me*; (2) no way, regardless of what Priscilla may have said in *Elvis and Me*; (3) he talked about having them

surgically lengthened; (4) sorry, even though Finstad describes Elvis' sexual preferences—as well as the geometry of Little Elvis—I'm not gonna go there.

But you get the picture. *Child Bride* is cannily tied, time-wise, to the 20th an-

PAPER BACKS

CONTACT EDITION

We may or may not be alone in the universe, but Carl Sagan's *Contact* has plenty of worthy company in bookstores:

CLOSE ENCOUNTERS OF THE FOURTH KIND C.D.B. Bryan (Penguin, \$13.95) If you read only one book about alien contact, choose this account of a 1992 conference organized by Ivy League academics. A credible, balanced overview.

OUT THERE Howard Blum (Pocket, \$6.99) The author is drawn by his own personal "Deep Throat" into a secret government interagency project called the UFO Working Group. A classic of the genre.

DIMENSIONS Jacques Valle (Ballantine, \$5.99); **CONFRONTATIONS** (\$4.95); **RELATIONS** (\$5.99) Valle was Spielberg's model for the French scientist played by François Truffaut in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. This trilogy—limning a lifetime of serious research—reads like an existential detective series.
—Rhonda Johnson

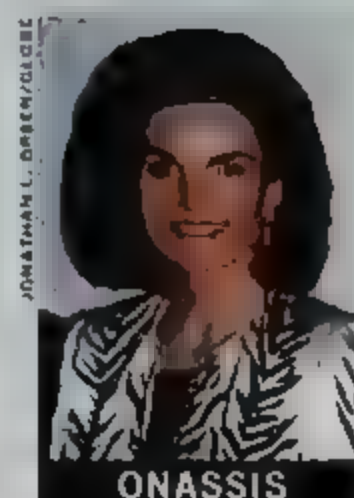
influential among them Currie Grant, a chatty character and mysterious Presley associate who introduced Priscilla to Elvis in Germany and, Grant says, bedded her himself, Finstad develops her PP theories further. Because Priscilla was looking for a fantasy father/lover and he was looking for a fantasy lover/

daughter, the relationship the teenager formed with Elvis was "like a runaway train," with Priscilla "powerless to stop its momentum." Far from protecting their underage daughter from the attentions of a celebrity 10 years her senior, Priscilla's parents prevented her from dating other boys her own age and, to quote Finstad's attention-getting phrase, "sold her into marriage." Once unhappily wed to a show-business phenomenon and feeling more like an imprisoned Rapunzel than a Cinderella, Priscilla kept the secrets of her "flawed fantasy man" until she couldn't hack it anymore.

Finstad goes on to chart the birth of their daughter, Lisa Marie, and the unraveling of the Presleys' marriage; the stingy initial divorce settlement Priscilla accepted and the much cushier reassessment; the procession of boyfriends and lovers; Elvis' miserable death; Priscilla's various career forays; her relationship with her own vulnerable daughter; and her iron-willed marketing of Elvis' legend as executrix of the Presley estate.

At times, Finstad displays compassion for her subject's flaws. At others, she seems to want to slug her in the teeth. "Give the f---ing name up," she quotes Priscilla's ex-flame, Mike Edwards with some satisfaction. But, hell, why should she? Priscilla Presley, now 52, put in her time; she can have her dime. For those still lonesome for Elvis, grieving with a copy of *Child Bride* in hand is as therapeutic a way to mark an anniversary as any. **B**

BETWEEN THE LINES



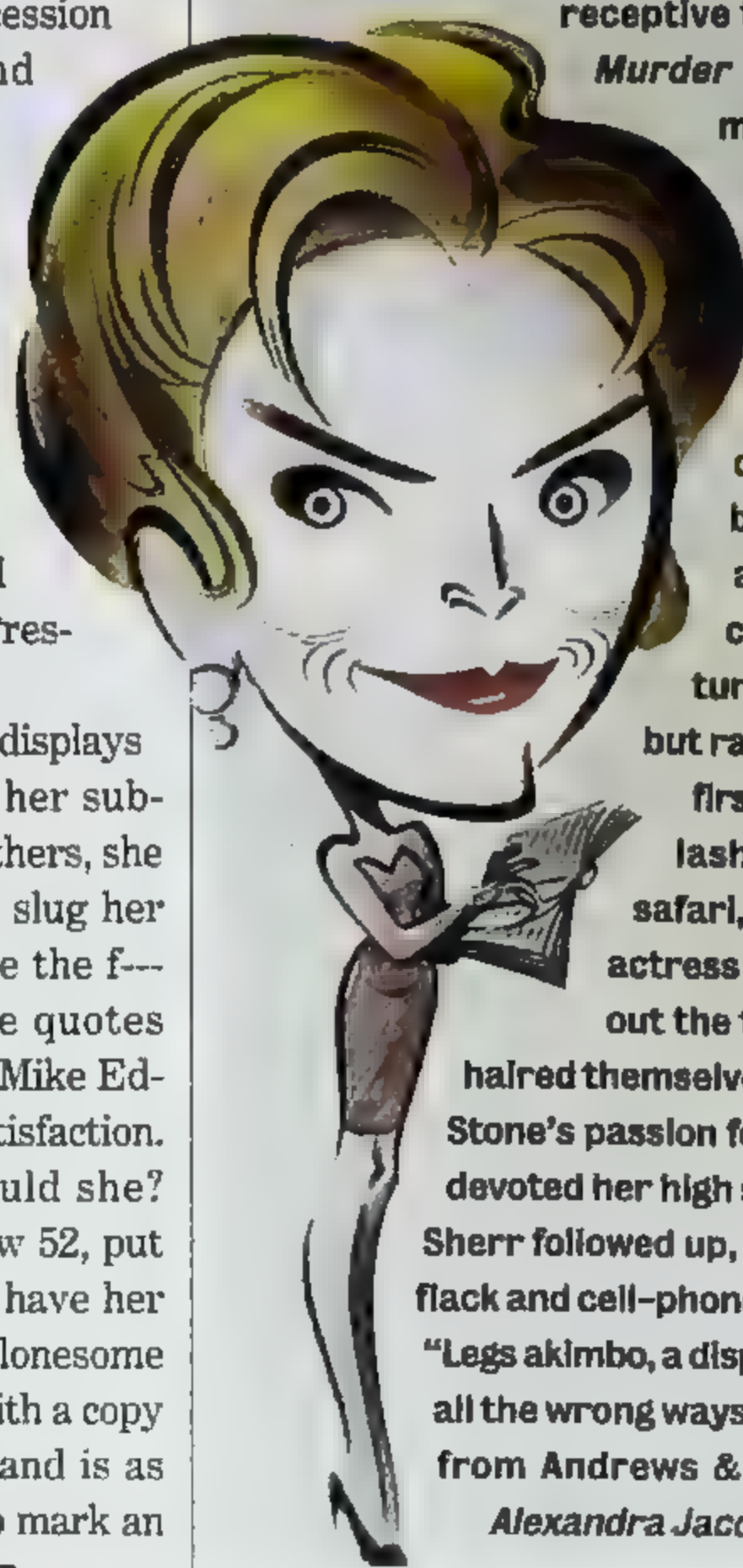
ONASSIS

■ **CAMELOT CANAPES** Still bitterly ruling the thousands you dropped at auction on Jacqueline Kennedy Onassis' coasters? Spring back into hostess mode by fall '98 with the forthcoming cookbook from longtime Jackie chef Marta Sgubln, which will include never-before-seen snapshots of the Kennedy family, as well as descriptions of the original family and high-society events at which meals were served. "It's going to be recipes that were Jackie's favorites when she entertained," promises Scribner editor and publisher Lisa Drew, who paid \$1 million for the book, according to a source.

■ **LIFE WITHOUT O.J.** Mark Fuhrman, the controversial former LAPD detective, is currently wooing New York publishers with a hush-hush project, *Murder in Greenwich*. Fuhrman wants to reinvestigate the unsolved 1975 killing of Martha Moxley, whose body was found near the Greenwich, Conn., home of Tommy Skakel, nephew of Ethel Kennedy, "with the hope of proving who did it," says a publishing insider, adding that Dominick Dunne, who novelized the murder in *A Season in Purgatory*, might write an intro. Lucianne Goldberg, Fuhrman's agent, won't comment on the project but says publishers have been receptive to the ex-cop, whose last book—*Murder in Brentwood*—was shunned by mainstream publishers and became a Regnery best-seller.

■ **BEAUTY AND THE BEASTS** It's easy enough to picture Sharon Stone appearing in a book called *Tall Blondes*—but writing a blurb for it? She's a natural—so long as the tome in question is by ABC correspondent Lynn Sherr and features not the gams of gorgeous girls but rather those of...giraffes. Sherr, who first developed a fondness for the long-lashed, golden beasts during a 1973 safari, mentioned her pet project to the actress during a 20/20 tête-à-tête. Turned out the two women—both tall and flaxen-haired themselves—had another thing in common. Stone's passion for giraffes went so far back, she'd devoted her high school senior paper to them. After Sherr followed up, Stone bypassed her own skeptical flack and cell-phoned in a flowery blurb for the book—"Legs akimbo, a disproportionate appetite, mane going all the wrong ways..." *Blondes* will step out in October from Andrews & McMeel. —Matthew Flamm and Alexandra Jacobs

BLOND ON BLONDES: Stone



b a l a n c e

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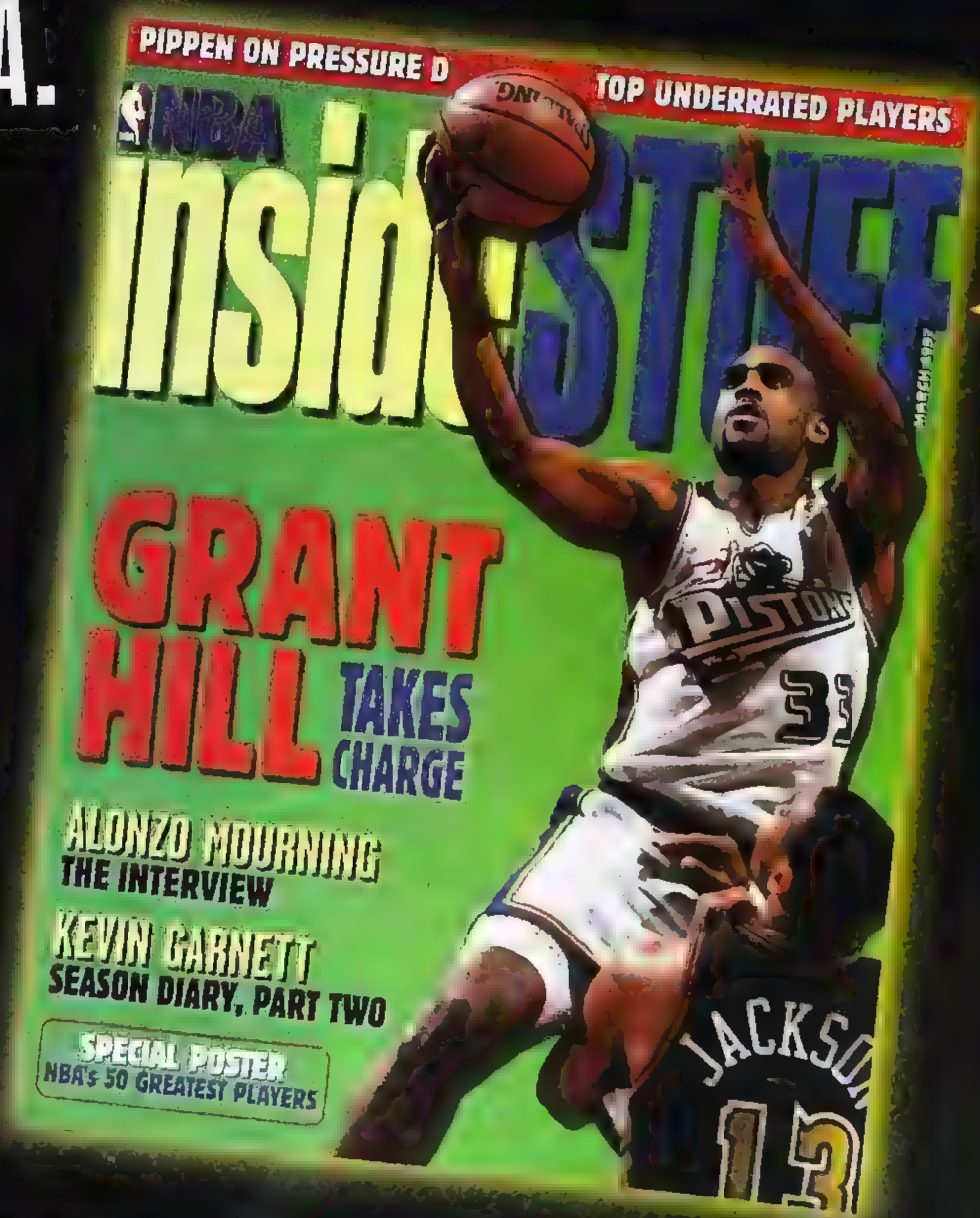
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The Week

Nonfiction

FRITZ LANG: THE NATURE OF THE BEAST Patrick McGilligan (*St. Martin's*, \$30) This thorough, deferential biography of the Vienna-born film auteur responsible for such moody classics as *M*, *Metropolis*, *Rancho Notorious*, and *The Big Heat* asks all the right questions. Did Lang shoot his first wife—in 1920? (He and his scriptwriter mistress claimed it was a suicide.) Did the director, who was half Jewish, immediately flee the Nazis in 1933, or did he first ponder Goebbels' job offer to run the German movie biz? Did he ever marry the mysterious, devoted woman who guarded him in the final decades of his life? Although McGilligan never provides definitive answers, he does mine Lang's dark celluloid legacy for

some tantalizing clues—despite the director's assertions that "my private life has nothing to do with my films." **B+** —Charles Winecoff

LOUIS ARMSTRONG: AN EXTRA-GANT LIFE Laurence Bergreen (*Broadway Books*, \$30) An epicly important figure in 20th-century cultural history, Louis Armstrong has not quite found his Boswell, nor even his Bosworth, in Laurence Bergreen. This snappy biography is an accessible introduction to the particulars of Armstrong's life. But it fails to illuminate the peculiarly American miracle of his genius. And there are just too many holes and errors. For instance, Bergreen says, "there was, astonishingly, no music" at Armstrong's funeral, although Peggy Lee, Al Hibbler, and others performed. **B-** —David Haydu

NEW YORK CITY TATTOO: THE ORAL HISTORY OF AN URBAN ART Michael McCabe (*Hardy Marks Publications*, \$30) With tattooing newly relegalized in New York after more than three decades underground, *New York City Tattoo* is a timely chronicle of the classic body artists of the pre-ban '50s and early '60s. Hailing from Brooklyn, Queens, and midtown Manhattan, the rough-and-tumble artists interviewed here remember a Coney Island tattoo scene so busy one shop hired a bouncer; a health department official who found one tattooist using his sterilizing equipment to bake clams; and the Moskowitz brothers, who were known to handcuff their own customers. Although the book can come across as too specialized for the average reader, *New York City Tattoo* does unearth and preserve an alluringly gritty chunk of postwar, pre-hippie New York history. **B+** —Margot Mifflin

BUZZWORDS: L.A. FRESHSPEAK Anna Scotti and Paul Young (*St. Martin's*, \$9.95) All the "players"

and "homes" in sprawling El-Lay couldn't possibly sling enough fresh slang to fill a dictionary, so these two valiant ambassadors of car-centered coastal culture—contributors to, what else, *Buzz* magazine—must fall back on way overused terms like *trophy wife* and *clueless* just for filler's sake. The more pressing issue: On whose bedside table might a lexicon of L.A. *Freshspeak* have a prayer of parking itself? Aspiring hipster? Overeager tourist? Amused, disdainful East Coaster? Whatever (one of many rapidly wilting linguistic snippets herein). Another: yesterday's news. Sorry, trendoids, but this is—perhaps unavoidably—just that. **C+** —AJ

Fiction

A CUP OF TEA Amy Ephron (*Morrow*, \$20) Set against the pampered backdrop of New York high society during World War I, this elegant love story was inspired by a Katherine Mansfield tale. Self-satisfied young socialite Rosemary Fell has rounded out her "perfect life" with an engagement to a handsome, self-made shipping magnate. One rainy night Rosemary sees an impoverished woman on the street and, moved by "altruism," brings the waif home with her for tea—only to be alarmed at the powerful chemistry between her fiancé and the charity project. Screenwriter Ephron brings a sharp edge to this love triangle with shrewdly drawn characters and storytelling as exquisitely sculpted as fine porcelain. **A-** —Megan Harlan

CIMARRON ROSE James Lee Burke (*Hyperion*, \$24.95) This invigoratingly rich crime novel diverges from Burke's popular Dave Robicheaux series for a new—

DEDICATION OF THE WEEK

Going Postal

Riverhead Press author
Stephan Jaramillo

writes: "The following is a true story. Some of the names have been changed to disguise people I still have to deal with. Other s--- has been changed to nail the f---ers I hate. Someone mail this guy a chill pill."



though equally brooding—hero. Billy Bob Holland, a Texas ranger-turned-defense lawyer, represents his illegitimate teenage son, who's accused of beating his girlfriend to death. As a gang of spoiled preppy kids, an L.A. serial killer, and a crooked Mexican nare enter the plot's wide-ranging and powerful orbit, Burke flexes a graceful artistry, with unabashed—

ly lyrical prose and violence choreographed like a menacing ballet. **A-** —MH

TALKING TO THE DEAD Helen Dunmore (*Little, Brown*, \$21.95) Troublesome ghosts are ubiquitous in Dunmore's novel, winner of England's Orange Prize for fiction. Two sisters, Nina and Isabel, are haunted by the death of their infant brother, Colin. The memory of this tragedy intensifies when Isabel gives birth to a son: Gazing upon him, Nina reflects that without a sibling, Antony has "no one to cover up for, and no one to betray." Indeed, buried beneath the sisters' seeming closeness are layers of jealousy, cruelty, and duplicity. Which sister was driven to murder their baby brother? Truth proves slippery in this startling novel—you'll find yourself anxious right up to its bitter, heartbreaking conclusion. **A** —Carmela Cuaram

STRIPPER LESSONS John O'Brien (*Grove Press*, \$12) O'Brien's life often imitated his art, which radiates humiliation and fatalism. In 1994, just when his novel about alcoholism, *Leaving Las Vegas*, was set to be made into a movie, he shot himself. He was 33, and the suicide came after several near-fatal drinking bouts. In this novel, voyeurism fills in for drinking. It's about a clumsy, shy law clerk who lives alone and has no social life except his nightly trips to Indiscretions, the nude dancing club where he exchanges dollar tips for a few seconds of disdainful attention. He becomes naively obsessed with one of the strippers but sabotages the tenuous connection. The novel ends on an unresolved note; it's possible O'Brien wasn't done with it. But the power lies in the tangible, excruciating details, which remind us that a marginal life can very often be a life on the edge. **A-** —L.S. Klepp

THE BROWSER

Opening lines from recently published books

"On July 1, 1995, marking the occasion of the thirtieth anniversary of my days as a literary agent, it came to me in a flash that all that time I've been a real-life character in a living Saul Bellow novel." From *Handsome Is Adventures With Saul Bellow*, by Harriet Wasserman (Farrar, \$25.95)

"Adultery, I suspect, has been with us since the dawn of man. I wouldn't be at all surprised to learn of hieroglyphics on cave walls documenting infidelities and indiscretions, sketched by some woebegone or cuckolded Cro-Magnon." From *High In*

delity, by John McNally (Morrow, \$22)

BEST-SELLERS

DECENT 'EXPOSURE'

WACKY FBI LOVE triangles aside, it's been a good year for Patricia Cornwell. The crime novelist shelved her beloved heroine—mercurial medical examiner Kay Scarpetta—with January's *Hornet's Nest* and was rewarded, despite some critical disfavor, with a No. 1 best-seller. And the book doesn't appear to have, uh, cut into the Scarpetta franchise in the slightest. The ninth in that series is now just doing what comes *Naturaly*, making short work of Putnam's million-copy first printing.

FICTION

	WEEKS ON LIST
1 UNNATURAL EXPOSURE Patricia Cornwell, Putnam, \$25.95	1
2 SPECIAL DELIVERY Danielle Steel, Delacorte, \$16.95	4
3 PLUM ISLAND Nelson DeMille, Warner, \$25	9
4 THE PARTNER John Grisham, Doubleday, \$24.95	21
5 FAT TUESDAY Sandra Brown, Warner, \$25	6
6 DECEPTION ON HIS MIND Elizabeth George, Bantam, \$24.95	3
7 THE NOTEBOOK Nicholas Sparks, Warner, \$16.95	40
8 UP ISLAND Anne Rivers Siddons, HarperCollins, \$25	8
9 LONDON Edward Rutherfurd, Crown, \$25.95	9
10 CHASING CEZANNE Peter Mayle, Knopf, \$25	8

NONFICTION

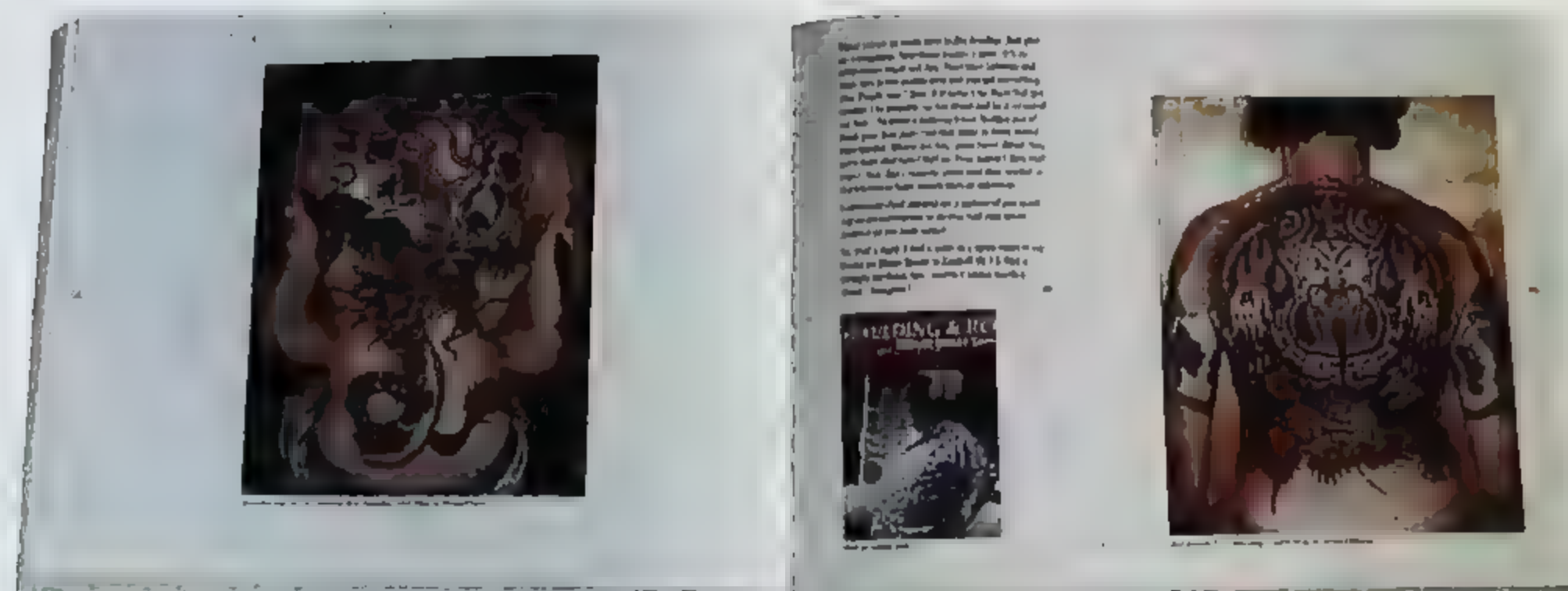
1 ANGELA'S ASHES Frank McCourt, Scribner, \$24	44
2 THE BIBLE CODE Michael Drosnin, Simon & Schuster, \$25	6
3 SIMPLE ABUNDANCE Sarah Ban Breathnach, Warner, \$17.95	89
4 INTO THIN AIR Jon Krakauer, Villard, \$24.95	13
5 BRAIN DROPPINGS George Carlin, Hyperion, \$19.95	6
6 MIRACLE CURES Jean Carper, HarperCollins, \$25	1
7 CONVERSATIONS WITH GOD, BOOK I Neale Donald Walsch, Putnam, \$19.95	28
8 MIDNIGHT IN THE GARDEN OF GOOD AND EVIL John Berendt, Random House, \$24	128
9 THE GIFT OF FEAR Gavin de Becker, Little, Brown, \$22.95	5
10 THE PERFECT STORM Sebastian Junger, Norton, \$23.95	5

TRADE PAPERBACKS

1 DON'T SWEAT THE SMALL STUFF...AND IT'S ALL SMALL STUFF Richard Carlson, Hyperion, \$8.95	16
2 SONGS IN ORDINARY TIME Mary McGarry Morris, Penguin, \$14.95	5
3 CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE TEENAGE SOUL J. Canfield, M.V. Hansen, and K. Kurlberger Health Communications, \$12.95	8
4 CHICKEN SOUP FOR THE WOMAN'S SOUL J. Canfield, M.V. Hansen, J. Road Hawthorne, and M. Shindoff Health Communications, \$12.95	40
5 SHE'S COME UNDONE Wally Lamb, Washington Square Press, \$11	26
6 THE HEART OF A WOMAN Maya Angelou, Bantam, \$12	11
7 THE COLOR OF WATER James McBride, Riverhead, \$12	20
8 STONES FROM THE RIVER Ursula Hugi, Scribner, \$14	21
9 INTO THE WILD Jon Krakauer, Doubleday, \$12.95	17
10 UNDAUNTED COURAGE Stephen E. Ambrose, S&S/Touchstone, \$16	9

SOURCE: PUBLISHERS WEEKLY

TATTOO YOU: The centuries-old art takes an ornate—and, we assume, painful—turn in *New York City Tattoo*



Sure to liven up any cubicle, these three new calendars feature Dilbert, the socially challenged engineer. Workers everywhere will laugh out loud at his daily frustrations with clueless bosses and ridiculous management techniques.

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Gangsta Pap

Sean "Puffy" Combs intended his new *No Way Out* to be ballsy and boldly vulnerable. But all he's made is a puff piece. **by J.D. Considine**

GANGSTA RAP IS OFTEN depicted as the aural equivalent of action flicks, all bad attitude and gratuitous splatter, and aimed at thrill-seeking young men. That's part of the reason rap bashers find the genre so pernicious; in their fevered-fretting, it's only too easy to imagine vicious verbiage translating into atrocious acts.

That's silly, though. What draws many rap fans to

gangsta isn't its verbal violence so much as its sentimental streak. Cue up 2Pac's "Dear Mama," Bone Thugs-N-Harmony's "Tha Crossroads," or Sean "Puffy" Combs' tear-stained tribute to the Notorious B.I.G., "I'll Be Missing You," and you'll hear just how softhearted hardcore rap can be.

But if you really want a



sense of how gangsta rap has romanticized despair, sit down with Puff Daddy's chart-topping smash *No Way Out*. Combs is at the heart of the gangsta rap controversy: Not only did he bring East Coast gangsta into being as producer of the Notorious B.I.G.'s seminal *Ready to Die*, but some believe the turf war be-

tween Combs' Bad Boy Entertainment and Marion "Suge" Knight's L.A.-based Death Row Records may have played a part in the violent deaths of Tupac Shakur and B.I.G. So it's no wonder that Combs, not content merely to mourn his buddy B.I.G., finds himself pondering the meaning of death itself. The song titles say it all: "No Way Out," "If I Should Die Tonight," "Is This the End?"

And you thought Billy Corgan had cornered the market on self-pity. Puff Daddy may never let his music get quite as whiny as Corgan's Smashing Pumpkins work, but that's not to say he doesn't play his death-obsessed ruminations for all they're worth. *No Way Out* opens portentously, with Puffy offering a desperate prayer as a nameless choir intones a requiem, then proceeds from there. With "If I Should Die Tonight," the maudlin mogul wonders if death wouldn't be "a release from all the pressures and negativity," while "Pain" even finds him entertaining thoughts of suicide. By the time he gets to the relentlessly percolating "Is This the End?" Puff Daddy paints himself as a jittery recluse, wondering if each moment will be his last.

Still, all that death-addled dread would be a tad easier to take had Puffy played down the album's gunslinging violence. But Combs and his crew insist on having their cake and destroying it, too, and so charge ahead without considering the obvious contradictions within their shoot-first, mourn-your-friends-later attitude. There are even a few tracks, like "Young G's" and "Victory," that find B.I.G. himself

extolling the virtues of violence with unwitting irony.

Why would Puff Daddy continue to talk tough even as he laments what this culture of violence has wrought? Partly because it makes for much better musical drama. The blunt brutality of the dog-eat-dog rap in "What You Gonna Do?" makes a striking contrast to its lush, '70s-style backing track, while the shoot-'em-up "Victory" pulls tension and momentum from a dark, dramatic loop built around an orchestral fragment from (of all things) Bill Conti's *Rocky* score.

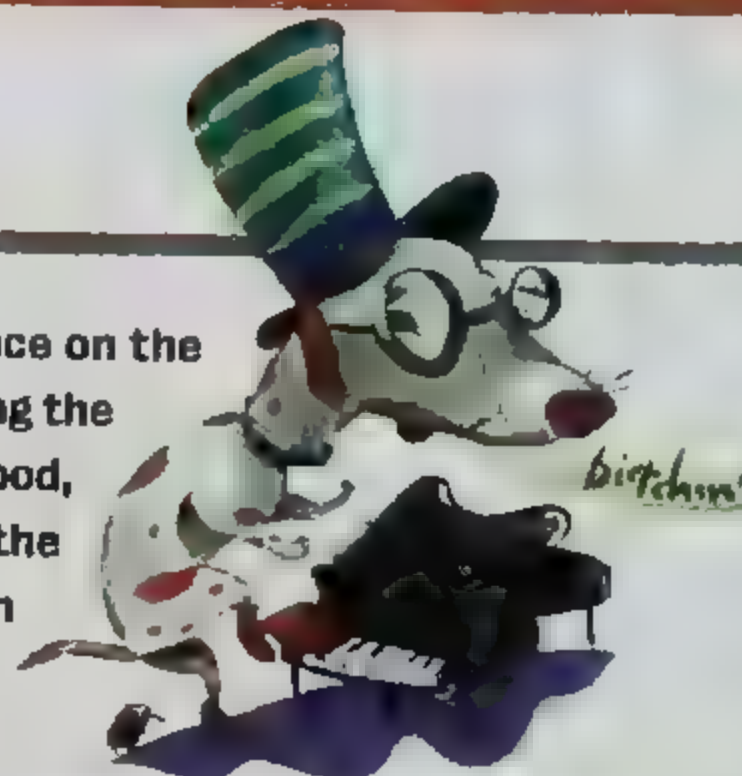
"Victory" is more imaginative than many of the tracks here, though. Some, like "I Got the Power" or "It's All About the Benjamins," are lean but functional, pulling maximum impact from simple, bass-heavy loops. But others are shamelessly derivative, with the platinum-selling single "Can't Nobody Hold Me Down" coming on like a karaoke version of the Grandmaster Flash classic "The Message." Likewise, "I'll Be Missing You" badly rewrites the Police's "Every Breath You Take," while "Don't Stop What You're Doing" is just the Yarbrough & Peoples oldie "Don't Stop the Music" with a sex rap attached.

Clearly, originality is not Puff Daddy's strong suit. But it's hard to be original when you're devoting so much energy to self-dramatizing despair. That Puffy would picture himself as a sort of hip-hop Hamlet is, in itself, not so terrible; at least we were spared "Alas, poor Biggie. I knew him well." But like the Danish prince, he may find that all this dour deliberation keeps him from seeing the truth—that something's rotten, and it sure ain't in Denmark. **C+**

ROCK & ROLLERS' WORD DU JOUR

IT'S BITCH CRAFT

THINK FOULMOUTHED pop songs don't stand a chance on the radio? Think again. Meredith Brooks' "Bitch" is becoming the sing-along bubblegum anthem of the summer, the feel-good, bad-girl ying to Hanson's feel-good, good-boy yin. But the success of "Bitch" shouldn't come as a surprise: Though pop profanity often prevents radio play, there's a long tradition of "bitch"-ing on the charts. —Rob Brunner



SONG	ALBUM	HOW "BITCH" IS USED	NO. OF TIMES IT'S USED	SINGLE'S HIGHEST CHART POSITION	ALBUM'S HIGHEST CHART POSITION
Meredith Brooks' "Bitch"	<i>Blurring the Edges</i> (1997)	People are, like, really complicated and sometimes they get in bad moods.	4	No. 2	No. 22
Prodigy's "Smack My Bitch Up"	<i>The Fat of the Land</i> (1997)	Who knows? The lyrics, in their entirety, are "Change my pitch up/Smack my bitch up."	8	Not released as a single, but, hey, with twice as many bitches as Brooks' song, it should be.	No. 1
Aerosmith's "Ain't That a Bitch!"	<i>Nine Lives</i> (1997)	"'Cause love is like the last licks outta Hendrix/Ain't that a bitch?" Uh, whatever you say, Steven.	7	Not a single, but with <i>Nine Lives</i> slipping down the charts, they also should reconsider.	No. 1
Elton John's "The Bitch Is Back"	<i>Caribou</i> (1974)	Ad nauseam. "Bitch. Bitch. Bitch is baaack..."	39 (!)	No. 4	No. 1
The Rolling Stones' "Bitch"	<i>Sticky Fingers</i> (1971)	"Love is a bitch" just about says it.	Surprisingly, only twice	Not released as a single	No. 1
David Bowie's "Queen Bitch"	<i>Hunky Dory</i> (1971)	Jealous angst over a woman who's, well, a bitch	0	Didn't chart	This classic peaked at a dismal No. 176. Probably should have said "bitch" at least once.

The Week

Singles

BILLY JOEL "To Make You Feel My Love" (Columbia) Bob Dylan didn't exactly write the book on romance, but the hallowed songwriter has provided Joel with a lovely ballad capable of warming cold, cold hearts. The grand, rhythmic arrangement—with mournful piano, string, and harmonica passages—could do the trick. But Joel is no Ray Charles; his gruff, salty tone makes him sound more cranky than soulful. **B-** —*Jeremy Helliger*

WAISTLINE CONNECTION "Chow Down" (PMP/Loud/RCA) Adding literal meaning to the hip-hop term *phat*, this brainchild of L.A. radio personality Big Boy parodies Westside Connection's "Bow Down," a gangsta anthem of West Coast superiority, turning it into a hilarious ode to gluttony. Indeed, the only murder described here is a threat to "kill a Jenny Craig associate." It's the funniest, funkier rap since the Fat Boys' *Weird Al*, eat your heart out. **A-** —*Matt Diehl*

Pop/Rock

BONE THUGS-N-HARMONY *The Art of War* (Ruthless/Relativity) Lest the smooth sound of "Look Into My Eyes" leaves you thinking the Thugs are really just pop-friendly softies, this 28-song double disc offsets its slow-and-sweet numbers with blood-thirsty workouts like the shotgun-spiked "Thug Luv." But after two hours of these singsong melodies, *War* seems more like a siege than a surgical strike. **B** —*JDC*

LINCOLN *Lincoln* (Slash/London) The songs and voice of Lincoln leader Chris Temple are so bashful and winsome you're afraid someone will kick sand in his face. But that's the charm of this modest, ingratiating debut. Temple's pop-culture-infused songs about giving in to low self-esteem, admiring tough city girls, and feeling cocky behind the wheel are so feathery and melodic that they sound like long-lost '70s Top 40 hits. Alternate band name: WWA—Ween Without Attitude. **A-** —*David Browne*



WONDER WORKS: Rhino's *Bag, Scream & Shout* offers up a Little Stevie

MISSY "MISDEMEANOR" ELLIOTT *Supa Dupa Fly* (Gold Mind Inc./EastWest/EEG) Elliott's songwriting résumé reads like a who's who of contemporary R&B, and on her solo debut famous friends like Aaliyah repay the debt (Busta Rhymes and

Lil' Kim also cameo). But Elliott doesn't need help: She's a wickedly innovative singer-rapper who favors expansive song structures and trip-hoppy textures. In the process, she creates an evocative space-age soul all her own. **A-** —*MD*

YOU ONLY 'LIVE' TWICE

TO GAUGE THE rivalry between country stars LeAnn Rimes and Trisha Yearwood, one need look no further than last week's *Billboard*, where the two singers' competing versions of "How Do I Live" were neck and neck at No. 7 (Rimes) and No. 11 (Yearwood) on the pop singles sales chart. The last time two singers locked horns on the top 30 with the same song was 1971, when Helen Reddy and Yvonne Elliman released concurrent versions of "I Don't Know How to Love Him," according to the trade magazine's Fred Bronson.

The history of "How Do I Live" has more turns than a backcountry road. Written by Grammy-winning songwriter Diane Warren, it was commissioned by Disney for the movie *Con Air*. Producer Tony Brown was initially asked to record the song with the

red-hot Rimes. He agreed, but Rimes wound up cutting the song with *Blue* coproducer Chuck Howard. After rejecting Rimes' effort, which it judged lacking in emotional weight, Disney paired Brown



with Yearwood, whose version is now included in the film (though it is not on the soundtrack album).

"I feel like I've been in the middle of this mess from the beginning," says Brown, laughing. "It's getting crazy; the local paper just ran a contest where you could vote for which version you liked. I never wanted this to be a war."

Maybe not, but the battle is on. There is, however, a middle road: A number of radio stations are playing an unauthorized version of "Live" that mixes Rimes' and Yearwood's vocals together to create a mock "duet" effect. Although not officially available, the fabricated team-up is proving to be popular with listeners. "[The duet] is our number two most requested song right now," says Bruce Logan, program director at Greenville, S.C.'s WSSL-FM. Have the singers complained about the bogus recording? "Not that I know," says Logan. "Maybe because they both get a [royalty] every time we play it." —*Tom Sinclair*

FREEBIE OF THE WEEK

John Tesh Trading Cards

His new CD, *Victory*, comes with "collectible" baseball-style cards picturing a buff, goateed Tesh in unlikely athletic poses. Now, that's entertainment.



LUNA *Pup Tent* (Elektra) On perhaps their finest album to date (certainly the best since 1992's *Slide*), Luna adroitly connect the future with the past: The band's increasingly assured songcraft is filtered through the mood-drenched sensibilities frontman Dean Wareham learned a long time ago in a Galaxie fur, far away. The effect is blissfully disorienting—like awakening from an afternoon nap. **A** —*Woody Kim*

SUBROSA *Never Bet the Devil Your Head* (550 Music) As befits a band that lost two members in a van accident, Subrosa have regrouped for their second album with a new name and a tougher, angrier sound. While their initial incarnation, For Squirrels, often cloned R.E.M., Subrosa steer clear of such appropriations. The rhythms shake harder; the guitars blare. Once they get the knack for songwriting, they could be formidable. **B-** —*Rob O'Connor*

311 *Transistor* (Capricorn) With 21 cuts featuring some of the weakest rhymes and derivative white-bread dub in recent memory, 311 prove that more can be less. Their fourth release is a luscious pastiche of pop idioms that demonstrates they're still too callow to recognize the thin line between experimentation and self-indulgence. **F** —*David Grub*

THE MOMMYHEADS *The Mommyheads* (DGC/Geffen) Art-pop darlings take a giant step toward joining the MTV nation with this major-label debut. Bursting with Beatlesque harmonies and chunky '70s grooves

(check out the horn work on "Wake Up Irene"), the Don Was-produced *Mommyheads* is a fab intro to these up-and-comers. What's missing is the delectably edgy dissonance of their earlier work. My advice? Go buy their stellar '95 release, *Bingham's Hole*. **B** —*T.A. Walsh*

ALICE COOPER *A Fistful of Alice* (Guardian) Just what you've been waiting for: a live Alice Cooper album baited with one new studio track. Well, he hasn't lost his voice, and chestnuts like "I'm Eighteen" still resonate. But unless you consider the presence of guests like Slash, Rob Zombie, and Sammy Hagar an inducement, you'd do just as well to pick up a copy of Coop's *Greatest Hits*. **C+** —*TS*

Soundtracks

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Spawn* (Immortal/Epic) Producer Happy Walters hit on a clever idea here, to match metal stalwarts with electronica pioneers. The result? A rich cache of new subgenres and crossover possibilities. Together, Henry Rollins and Goldie create the first example of ambient metal, while Slayer and Atari Teenage Riot bring together the fastest guitar music in the world with the most brisk drumbeats in history. However driven by commercial concerns, this project still spawns sounds that startle. **A** —*Jim Farber*

Reissues

VARIOUS ARTISTS *Bag, Scream & Shout! The Big Ol' Box of '60s Soul* (Rhino) Imagine you're at a garage sale. Under a pile of moldy sweaters, you find a box of pristine soul 45s, a treasure trove of familiar hits such as James Brown's "Out of Sight" or Fontella Bass' "Rescue Me," as well as obscure gems like the Dynamics' "Ice Cream Song" and Irma Thomas' "Wish Someone Would Care." Stevie Wonder, Al Green, a brilliant Jackson 5 B side. They're all here. Okay, so this six-CD box set isn't quite as exciting a discovery. But you'll treasure it almost as much. **A** —*RB*

Jazz

BARBARA DENNERLEIN *Junkadoo* (Verve) The earlier U.S. releases of this German keyboardist, an inventive player enamored of the avant and blues-roots tendencies of the 1960s, were marred by unfortunate fusion trappings. In retrospect, we didn't know how lucky we were. The sleek-sheened *Junkadoo* might well get Dennerlein on the late-FM playlist—just what this major instrumentalist shouldn't aspire to. **B** —*Steve Fretterman*

THE CHARTS

'OUT' BREAKS

MAKE ROOM for another man in black. Puff Daddy's *No Way Out* predictably took the quickest way to the top, dominating the *Billboard* chart with 561,000 copies sold. That's not quite a match for the 612,000 first-week sales racked up by Wu-Tang Clan two months ago, but Sean "Puffy" Combs stands to enjoy a longer top 10 run, thanks to *No Way's* endless array of salable guests, dead and alive. At No. 2, the *Men In Black* sampler alienated another 180,000 customers from their money. Sarah McLachlan's *Surfacing* dropped three spots but sold a still-buoyant 116,000. And Matchbox 20's two-notch ascent ensured that there was fire as well as water in the top 10.



POP ALBUMS

LAST WEEK		THIS WEEK	WEEKS ON CHART
1	PUFF DADDY <i>No Way Out</i> , Bad Boy	1	1
2	SOUNDTRACK <i>Men in Black</i> , Columbia	2	4
3	SPICE GIRLS <i>Spice</i> , Virgin	3	25
4	HANSON <i>Middle of Nowhere</i> , Mercury	4	12
5	SARAH MCLACHLAN <i>Surfacing</i> , Arista	5	2
6	PRODIGY <i>The Fat of the Land</i> , Maverick	6	4
7	MISSY "MISDEMEANOR" ELLIOTT <i>Supa Dupa Fly</i> , EastWest	7	2
8	JEWEL <i>Pieces of You</i> , Atlantic	8	76
9	MATCHBOX 20 <i>Yourself or Someone Like You</i> , Atlantic	9	21
10	GOD'S PROPERTY FROM KIRK FRANKLIN'S NU NATION <i>God's Property</i> , B-Rite/Interscope	10	9

COUNTRY ALBUMS

LAST WEEK		THIS WEEK	WEEKS ON CHART
1	TIM MCGRAW <i>Everywhere</i> , Curb	1	8
2	GEORGE STRAIT <i>Carrying Your Love With Me</i> , MCA	2	14
3	LEANN RIMES <i>Blue</i> , Curb	3	55
4	LEANN RIMES <i>Unchained Melody/The Early Years</i> , Curb	4	24
5	DEANA CARTER <i>Did I Shave My Legs for This?</i> , Capitol Nashville	5	47
6	PAM TILLIS <i>Greatest Hits</i> , Arista	6	8
7	NEAL MCCOY <i>Greatest Hits</i> , Atlantic	7	7
8	DIAMOND RIO <i>Greatest Hits</i> , Arista	8	2
9	DWIGHT YOAKAM <i>Under the Covers</i> , Reprise	9	2
10	KENNY CHESNEY <i>I Will Stand</i> , BNA	10	2

CONCERTS

DATE	ARTIST	VENUE	TICKET PRICE
1	JIMMY BUFFETT	Atlanta	\$1218.711
2	COUNTING CROWS/THE WALLFLOWERS	Wantagh, N.Y.	\$71.841
3	DAVE MATTHEWS BAND	George, Wash.	\$651.000
4	LILITH FAIR	Mountain View, Calif.	\$65.784
5	DAVE MATTHEWS BAND	Mountain View, Calif.	\$551.000
6	LILITH FAIR	Irvine, Calif.	\$447.500
7	INDIGO GIRLS	Berkeley, Calif.	\$304.325
8	ZZ TOP	Scranton, Pa.	\$309.683
9	MARY J. BLIGE/WU-TANG CLAN	East Rutherford, N.J.	\$287.082
10	COUNTING CROWS/THE WALLFLOWERS	Columbus, Ohio	\$173.445

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Erin Go Hollywood?

Imports about Ireland's strife have grabbed America, but the homegrown *Devil's Own* has reach beyond its grasp. by Stephen Whitty

LIFE IS TOO SHORT not to hold grudges, and in Ireland enmities are as tenderly nursed as an invalid mother. Even when peace breaks out, Protestant marchers still commemorate their military victory of 1690. Catholic schoolkids can recite Cromwell's crimes as if they were committed yesterday.

The conflict was made for drama, and long before Hollywood got hold of it and made films like *Blown Away* or the new-to-video *The Devil's Own*, the best stories about Irish rebels came, not surprisingly, from Ireland and even England, where the Brits have fought the Irish independence movement too long to reduce it to a plot gimmick. Loathed or loved, the Irish Republican Army and its allies are always viewed with caution and a certain amount of respect.

Odd Man Out, Carol Reed's superlative 1947 drama, set an early example. It plays things cagily; an impossibly young and darkly handsome James Mason is the leader of "the Organization," an illegal movement based "in a city of Northern Ireland." But the Falls Road bus sign gives the game away as quickly as Mason's

pragmatic violence. This is Belfast—and the IRA—and Mason's daring daylight robbery is done not for cash but for the cause.

Of course, things go horribly wrong. Badly wounded, Mason staggers down dreary streets that hint at *The Third Man* to come. The film gets a bit lost then, too, as Reed lays on his touch of the poet with a trowel, cramming the screen with eccentrics. Yet it never descends to partisan propaganda, never stoops to pat denunciation of the rebels' motives or actions. Unlike later IRA movies (*A Prayer for the Dying*, *Patriot Games*), it sees Mason as all too human, and when his story ends at the stroke of midnight, the tragedy feels full and inevitable.

Inevitably art house, too, perhaps. Although other small films, including Ken Loach's *Hidden Agenda*, mapped the same political no-man's-land, it wasn't until Jim Sheridan's heartfelt *In the Name of the Father* more than 40 years later that Ireland's civil strife fi-

BLEEDING MEN: From top, Pitt in *Devil's*; Kathleen Ryan and Mason in *Odd Man Out*; Postlethwaite and Day-Lewis in *Name of the Father*

nally received serious, successful, major-studio treatment. Sheridan's movie set a new standard and seemed to establish a few rebel-movie ground rules: Irish rockers on the soundtrack (Bono warbles over the credits), a screenplay cowritten by Terry George (an old Irish activist himself), and a meaty part for John Lynch (see story at right).

In *Name of the Father*, however, had qualities that were harder to copy. It had extraordinary performances from Pete Postlethwaite and Daniel Day-Lewis as a father and son railroaded by British justice; it viewed the IRA with calm and knowing eyes. And if the details of the real-life story were blurred, and the whole thing neatly formatted as a Big Courtroom Movie, the film wasn't afraid of its own complications.

Alas, its American successors are. Both a Hollywood entertainment and a story of the Troubles, Alan J. Pakula's *The Devil's Own* never seemed to know which it wanted to be, so it settled for being a little of both, serving up teary conflicts instead of insight and dragging in a romance between Brad Pitt and Natascha McElhone as flat and unappetizing as a glass of green beer. Oh, the scenes of Pitt in Ireland were done well enough—for which you can probably thank uncredited rewrites from Terry George. But once the movie moved to America, its Hollywood instincts took over. So we got a gunrunning Irish-American mobster, played by Treat Williams. We got endless scenes of Harrison Ford running after suspects and jawing with his due-to-retire, obviously doomed partner.

In movie theaters, the picture felt slow and vaguely familiar; now, shrunk down to

a 27-inch diagonal, it looks like *Hill Street Blues*, or Bart Simpson's least favorite *McBain*. Fake passion replaces politics; melodrama substitutes for streety reality. And by its end, Ford and Pitt are

crawling around a skipperless boat shooting at each other, as the plot loses its last moorings and the movie drifts out to sea.

"It's not an American story," Pitt's character is fond of advising us throughout, whenever

er he's asked about the Troubles. "It's an Irish one." Which is true. And which is why—for now, at least—it's one American filmmakers can't seem to get quite right. *Odd Man Out*: B+ *Father*: A *Devil's Own*: C

SUPREMELY IRISH ACTOR JOHN LYNCH

'TROUBLES' IS HIS MIDDLE NAME

HAVING DEBUTED as a reluctant IRA soldier in 1984's *Cal*, having stood with Daniel Day-Lewis as a member of the Guildford Four in *In the Name of the Father*, having played the hunger-striking Irish martyr Bobby Sands in *Some Mother's Son* (on video Sept. 23) and a Catholic widower whose attempt to sidestep sectarian

violence ends tragically in *Nothing Personal* (on video Aug. 26), John Lynch probably isn't planning on doing any more pub crawling in Protestant sections of Belfast. Three years ago he walked into a bar with *Nothing Personal* costars James Frain and Ian Hart. "They told us to get out or they'd put us out," Lynch recalls.

Becoming the unofficial face of suffering Irish nationalism was never Lynch's intention. An Irish citizen raised in Northern Ireland, in a home he describes as not very political but "hugely aware" of the British presence, the soulful 35-year-old actor has bowed to opportunity. "It would be false of me to avoid [these roles]," says a newly wed Lynch, phoning from the Dublin home he now shares with film director Mary McGuckian (*Words Upon the Window Pane*). "It's where I grew up. It's the environment that's informed me."

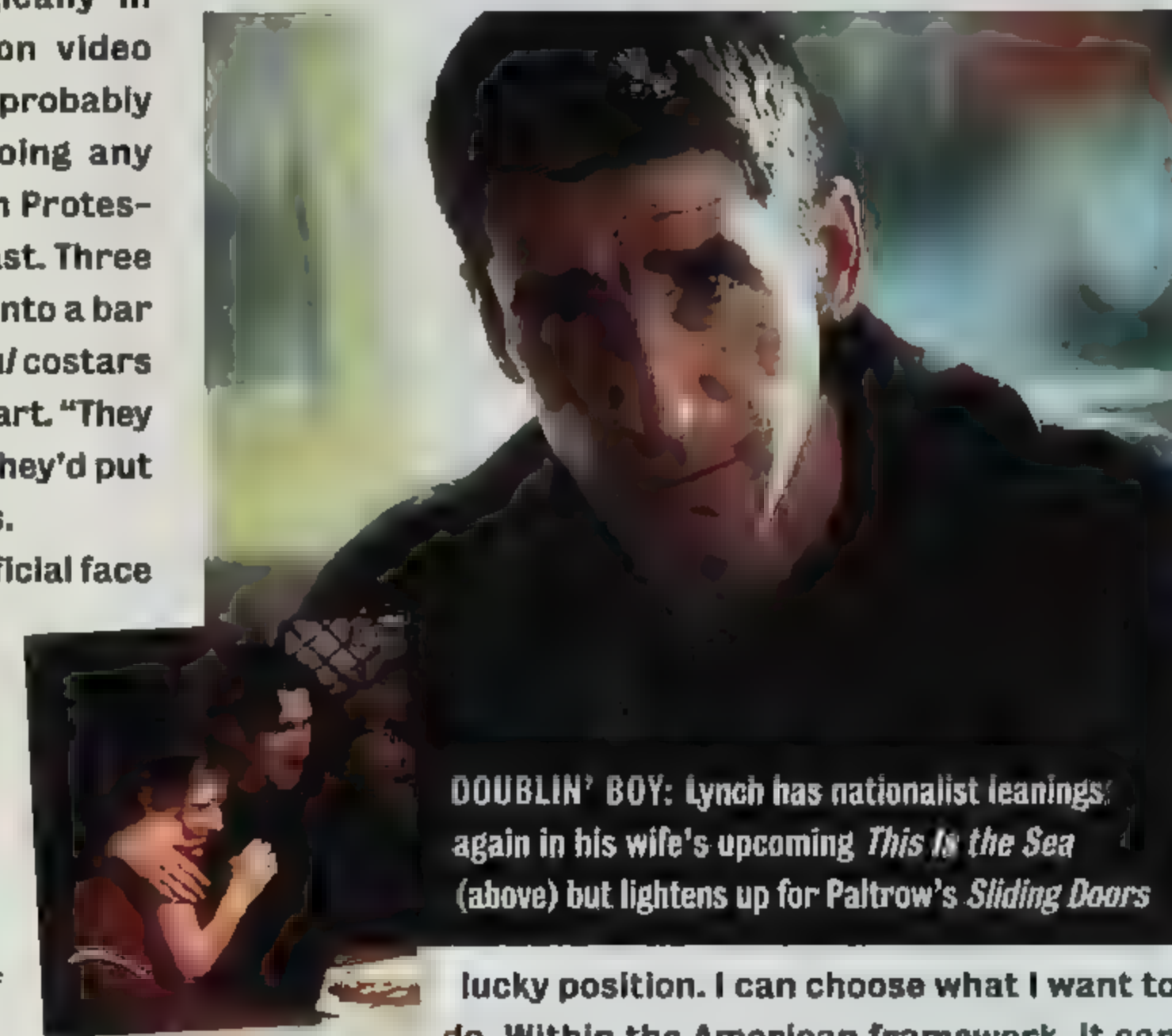
Recent years have seen Lynch getting out more—he was Robin Wright's romantic savior in *Moll Flanders*, and he played a love-struck schizophrenic in the new-to-video

Australian award-winner *Angel Baby*—but don't expect him to stray as far afield as, say, Hollywood. In *Name of the Father* director Jim Sheridan considers him "Ireland's best young actor," and Lynch seems content with being a big fish on small sod. "I think there's enough going on for me here," says Lynch, who started out in Gaelic school plays before studying theater at London's esteemed Central School. "I'm in a

DOUBLIN' BOY: Lynch has nationalist leanings again in his wife's upcoming *This Is the Sea* (above) but lightens up for Paltrow's *Sliding Doors*

lucky position. I can choose what I want to do. Within the American framework, it can get very silly and grandiose and about dollar signs and various other things."

Such as the glare of publicity when you costar with Gwyneth Paltrow in *Sliding Doors*, a romantic dramedy that Miramax has slated for a November release. What's a shy Irishman to do when fame comes calling? Lynch, who wrote a biopic of soccer legend George Best that he hopes McGuckian will shoot next spring, already has the maneuver mastered: "I'll duck it!" —Erin Richter



The Week

Recent Movies

BOOTY CALL Jamie Foxx, Tommy Davidson, Vivica A. Fox, Tamala Jones (1997, Columbia TriStar, R, \$103.99) No, nothing to do with pirates and their ill-gotten gain. Then again, maybe there is: Two modern-day swashbucklers (Foxx and Davidson) yearn to plunder two willing maidens (Fox and Jones), but first they have to locate a couple of sheaths for their swords, if you know what I mean. That one of the fellas is called Bunz and one of the gals is named Lysterine is typical of the level of invention in this frequently likably lowbrow farce. The nonstop good-time atmosphere makes for ideal party viewing, and a few outrageously raunchy set

pieces pay off—you won't soon forget the brothers' misunderstanding of the concept of the dental dam (you'll want to rewind and watch the setup again). But most of the time, the amiable far-some is left ambling aimlessly from one so-so sketch concept to the next: four characters in search of a comedy. **C** —Mike D'Angelo

MURDER AT 1600 Wesley Snipes, Diane Lane (1997, Warner, R, \$103.99) A beautiful young woman is found slain not far from the Oval Office, and maverick homicide detective Snipes is determined to follow the killer's trail wherever it may lead—even if it should lead to the First Family itself. Hurrn? Oh, sorry, nodded off for a moment.

What with *Absolute Power* still on the New Releases shelf (nervous studio execs delayed 1600's arrival in theaters to avoid a showdown with the similar Clint Eastwood flick but now apparently hope to ride its video coattails), White House thrillers are getting to be as commonplace as White House imbroglios. How silly is this movie? So silly that the villain, when finally unmasked (no—don't gasp!), intones "I think President Teddy Roosevelt said it best...." Thoroughly routine whenever it isn't utterly preposterous, this flick is one you've seen at least 1600 times before. **D+** —MD'A

LOVE AND OTHER CATASTROPHES Alice Garner, Frances O'Connor (1997, Fox Video, unrated, \$69.99) It's refreshing to find a twenty-something romantic comedy filled with charming characters who don't kvetch. Or maybe it's just the cute Australian accents that set first-time director Emma-Kate Croghan's flick apart. Either way, one day in the crowded lives of a boyfriendless near graduate (Garner), a commitment-phobic lesbian (O'Connor), a philosophical lothario (Matthew Dyktynski), and a girly med student (Matt Day) has the quartet grappling with amour even as they're changing majors and finding a housemate. Hewing to Aussie film fashions, Croghan crams in references to American pop culture, slowing her debut's otherwise solid pacing. But in film, as in love, the first time is rarely flawless. **B** —Erin Richter

UNDERWORLD Denis Leary, Joe Mantegna, Annabella Sciorra (1996, TriMark, R, \$96.99) Quentin Tarantino has a lot to answer for. Ever since the success of *Pulp Fiction*, it seems like 9 out of 10 low-budget crime stories are nothing but yack yack yack bang yack yack

QUOTE OF THE WEEK

"He acts differently when he's in a dress.... He's a bitch."

—A wife discussing her husband's habit in *Cajun Films' All Dressed Up and No Place to Go*, purportedly "the first feature-length documentary that goes behind closed doors and into the secret world of heterosexual cross-dressing"



yack. Populated by a horde of pseudo-spooky psychopaths in shiny suits, this one is the maudlin tale of Leary's quest to (a) avenge his father's murder and

(b) talk Mantegna's ear off. Boring, pompous, and—even at 95 minutes—overlong, *Underworld* underwhelms. **D** —Marc Bernardin

Made for TV

MISS EVERS' BOYS Alfre Woodard, Laurence Fishburne, Craig Sheffer, Joe Morton (1997, HBO, PG, \$94.99) This true-blue American tragedy tells the shameful story of the government-sanctioned Tuskegee Experiment (1932–72), in which poor, rural, Southern black men were assured they were being treated for syphilis but in fact were being used as scientific guinea pigs. The story is told through the eyes of project nurse Eunice Evers (Woodard), whose complicity in the toxic experiment destroys her only hope for happiness with an independent-minded field hand (Fishburne). Woodard and Fishburne, who last month earned two of this movie's 12 Emmy nominations, deliver performances shimmering with equal parts restraint and passion—have the Kleenex handy! A cathartic chapter of American history, and a drama not to be missed. **A** —Denise Lanctot

Kids' Movies

THAT DARN CAT Christina Ricci, Doug E. Doug (1997, Walt Disney, PG, \$103.99) In this latest Disney remake of an Uncle Walt-era kiddie, a high school misfit (Ricci) and her

fluffy feline go to tedious lengths to solve a small-town kidnapping. The juvenile jokes and stupid kitty tricks make the frothy slapstick farce of the 1965 Hayley Mills original seem like classic comedy—but good luck getting your kids to opt for some artifact from Mom and Dad's day. Rental tip: Bring home both versions, show them the update, then let the young ones see what family films were like before Hollywood had contempt for its audience. **D** —Michael Sauter

POOH'S GRAND ADVENTURE: THE SEARCH FOR CHRISTOPHER ROBIN (1997, Walt Disney, G, \$24.99) It's sad when your best friend goes away, and that's what happens in this straight-to-tape extension of the Winnie the Pooh franchise: Disney deep-sixes the charmingly assertive inhabitants of the Hundred Acre Wood and substitutes a band of self-pitying impostors who seem all too aware of their capacities for failure. Pooh—suddenly credible as "the bear of very little brain"—remains sweet as honey, but after Christopher Robin mysteriously disappears, fussy Rabbit gets a bit Napoleonic, and Eeyore takes a turn toward clinical depression. Aping the message of *The Lion King* (and *The Wizard of Oz*), this treacly musical fantasy in no way matches the grown-up wit or toddler psychology of the four A.A. Milne stories Disney adapted so long ago. **C** —George Blonstone

EXCERPT

SCOTT NIXES 'NIXON'

COUNT ON OLIVER Stone to start sparks on a new wide-screen special-edition laserdisc of *Patton* (1970, FoxVideo, PG, \$19.99). Richard Nixon was known to have watched the war epic several times before ordering the 1970 bombing of Cambodia. In a supplemental documentary on the disc, Stone says *Patton* "is one of the few movies, much more so than even *JFK*, that has directly... influenced American history. I believe it was *Patton*...that made Nixon make that final decision to...invade Cambodia to expand the Vietnam war." The director divulges that for his 1995 film, *Nixon*, "I had a scene I'd written where Nixon and his family...are watching the movie." But, Stone says, he couldn't get the permission of star George C. Scott (above) to use a *Patton* clip in *Nixon*. "And I never understood the reason." —Tim Purtell



TOP VIDEOS

'BLADE' IN THE SHADE

THE BUZZ YOU HEARD at the video stores late last month was a low, guttural "mmmm-hmmm," as Billy Bob Thornton's *Sling Blade* cut a path to No. 4 its first week on tape. Maybe that's because, on average, stores carried six copies of the Southern gothic fable but only four each of the week's other big debuts, Johnny Depp's *Donnie Brasco* and Howard Stern's *Private Parts*. The real comer, however, was *Fools Rush In*, starring Matthew Perry and Salma Hayek, which jumped four spots its second week. At 5.8 turns per copy, *Fools* was rushing in and out of stores.



GIMME SHELTER: Renters take in Thornton

TOP 10 TAPE RENTALS

LAST WEEK	WEEKS ON CHART		
1	1	SCREAM Neve Campbell, Dimension	5
2	2	ABSOLUTE POWER Clint Eastwood, Warner	3
3	3	METRO Eddie Murphy, Touchstone	2
4	—	SLING BLADE Billy Bob Thornton, Miramax	1
5	5	MICHAEL John Travolta, Warner	7
6	7	VEGAS VACATION Chevy Chase, Warner	3
7	—	DONNIE BRASCO Johnny Depp, Columbia TriStar	1
8	12	FOOLS RUSH IN Matthew Perry, Columbia TriStar	2
9	8	RANSOM Mel Gibson, Touchstone	11
10	—	PRIVATE PARTS Howard Stern, Paramount	1

TAPE SALES

1	1	FUN & FANCY FREE Animated, Walt Disney, \$26.99	2
2	5	THE ROCK Nicolas Cage, Hollywood, \$19.99	9
3	8	HAPPY GILMORE Adam Sandler, Universal, \$14.98	9
4	4	JERRY MAGUIRE Tom Cruise, Columbia TriStar, \$23.99	9
5	6	DETROIT REDWINGS 1996-97 NHL STANLEY CUP CHAMPIONSHIP. CBS/Fox, \$19.98	2
6	2	TURBO: A POWER RANGERS MOVIE Jason David Frank, FoxVideo, \$19.98	3
7	—	RUDYARD KIPLING'S THE SECOND JUNGLE BOOK: MOWGLI AND BALOO Bill Campbell, Columbia TriStar, \$15.95	1
8	1	RUGRATS: A RUGRATS VACATION Animated, Paramount, \$12.95	3
9	3	PRETTY WOMAN Julia Roberts, Touchstone, \$9.99	72
10	12	GREASE John Travolta, Paramount, \$14.95	46

SPORTS TAPE SALES

WEEKS ON CHART		
1	2	TIGER WOODS: SON, HERO & CHAMPION CBS, \$14.98
2	1	MICHAEL JORDAN: ABOVE & BEYOND CBS/Fox, \$14.98
3	3	NBA AT 50 CBS/Fox, \$19.98
4	5	THIS WEEK IN BASEBALL: 20 YEARS OF UNFORGETTABLE PLAYS & BLOOPERS Decca, \$14.98
5	7	MICHAEL JORDAN: COME FLY WITH ME CBS/Fox, \$19.98
6	6	MICHAEL JORDAN: AIR TIME CBS/Fox, \$19.98
7	9	MIKE TYSON: THE INSIDE STORY MPI, \$19.98
8	6	MICHAEL JORDAN: THE ULTIMATE COLLECTION CBS/Fox, \$24.98
9	1	MUHAMMAD ALI: THE WHOLE STORY Warner, \$109.98
10	10	MICHAEL JORDAN'S PLAYGROUND CBS/Fox, \$19.98

SOURCE: VIDEO BUSINESS FOR THE WEEK ENDING JULY 27, 1997. SPORTS DATA BILLBOARD FROM THE ISSUES DATED JULY 2, 1997



GLUTCH PLAYERS: Fishburne and Woodard hold us spellbound in *Evers*

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Elvis Sitings

Twenty years gone, the King looms larger than life in cyberspace, with pages devoted to every last bit of Presleyana. **by Patrizia DiLucchio**

NO ONE SHOULD BE ALL shook up to learn that Elvis Presley has a new title: The King of Rock & Roll is now the Duke of URL. Dead 20 years as of Aug. 16, the singer is the star of 232 sites, according to Infoseek Web directory. That's 17 more than the Beatles—and there were four of them.

The officially sanctioned stop on the tour is **Elvis Presley's Graceland** (www.elvis-presley.com), a compendium of

collectible kitsch whose tasteful graphics may inspire the casual surfer to run, screaming, for the nearest black-velvet outlet. A far more passionate Elvian biography, plus comprehensive fan-club list and a novel about the King, can be found at **Elvis Presley Online** (www.elvispresleyonline.com). Here we discover that not only was Elvis' great-great-grandmother a full-blooded Cherokee—a cele-

brated part of the Presley legend—but also the less-public revelation that his great-grandmother was Jewish.

The sites dealing with El's undeniable musical legacy likewise run the gamut from useful to bizarre. **CDNow**, an electronic record store, has one of the best written appreciations online of Presley's artistry, by *All-Music Guide's* Richie Unterberger, along with a huge inventory of books, videos, T-shirts, and albums (go to cdnow.com and type in "Presley"). Should you awaken in the middle of the night with a burning need to know the words to "(Let Me Be Your) Teddy Bear," **The Complete Elvis Presley Database** (users.aol.com/petediton/elvis/index.html) contains lyrics to more than 700 songs. And if you've always wondered how a Gregorian monk might cover "Can't Help Falling in Love" ("Non adamare non possum"), the **Elvis in Latin FAQ** (www.cs.uoregon.edu/~bhelmi/misc/elvis.html) is for *tu*.

Then there's Elvis-as-career. The old statisticians' canard holds that one in every three people will be an Elvis impersonator by the year 2010, and you can get a jump start by joining the **National Association of Amateur Elvis Impersonators** (members.aol.com/nudeelvis/index.html). Impostors should ponder the cautionary thought provided by the designers of **The Elvis Seance** (sunsite.unc.edu/elvis/seance.html): "Please treat this information the same as you would if he were alive, and you had his E-mail address—with respect." Elvis may have left the building, but his ghost lives on in the machine. **Graceland: B-** **Online: A-** **CDNow Elvis Page: B+** **Database: A-** **Latin: C+** **Impersonators: A-** **Seance: B+**

NEW THIS WEEK

WEBSITE//LOVE4ONEANOTHER (www.love4oneanother.com) For "all who love life, love God, love-sexy," the polished Net home of the Glyphed one—f.k.a. Prince—has the spooky, slightly culty feel of a megalomaniacal genius gone cybermuttery, with New Age affirmations that read like Stuart Smalley channeling the Riddler ("A verb is an action word"). What redeems *Love* are the clips from the recycled-bootlegs album *Crystal Ball* (for sale via the site) that quickly recall what's-his-name's musical brilliance. **B-** —Kipp Cheng

SPORTS//MAJOR LEAGUE BASEBALL CYBRCARDS (*CybrCard L.P.*, CD-ROM for PC and Mac, \$25) Baseball cards have survived the loss of bubble gum, but can they get by without the cardboard? A farrago of video clips, stats, trivia, and striking 3-D swing animations, the dozen discs—each showcasing a superstar like Ken Griffey Jr.—will impress older fans with its depth while wowing li'l leaguers with stuff like the design-a-card studio. **A-** —Gary Eng Walk

ONLINE EVENTS

ALL LISTINGS ARE EASTERN DAYLIGHT AND ARE SUBJECT TO CHANGE.

8/7//JOE E. TATA (www.celebritysightings.com, 7 p.m.) 90210's resident restaurateur chats with fans about the fall season.

BARBARA WALTERS (*Prodigy, Jump Spotlight*, 9 p.m.) Quiz the 20/20 coanchor about her upcoming ABC daytime show, *The View*.

8/8//CAPT. SCOTT O'GRADY (*Prodigy, Jump Spotlight*, 9 p.m.) Former U.S. fighter pilot hawks his autobiography, *Basher Five-Two*.

'THE BIG SELL OUT'

Easy Bather



JODIE FOSTER pitching skin-care products? Arnold Schwarzenegger as the poster boy for Cup Noodle? Dennis Hopper (left) selling bubble bath? These and other A-list celeb endorsements can be found at *The Big Sell Out* (www2.gol.com/users/ian/shamepics/shame.html), a cynical and smashingly entertaining online repository for print ads from overseas. *Sell Out* offers downloadable images, mostly from the Japanese market, showing American stars happily (and lucratively) pitching away. —KC

GOLDEN GIRL

"Oh, I do not have any children. I had a goldfish but I threw him out with the water by mistake, so I better not do any parenting anytime soon." —*Living Single's* KIM COLES Prodigy

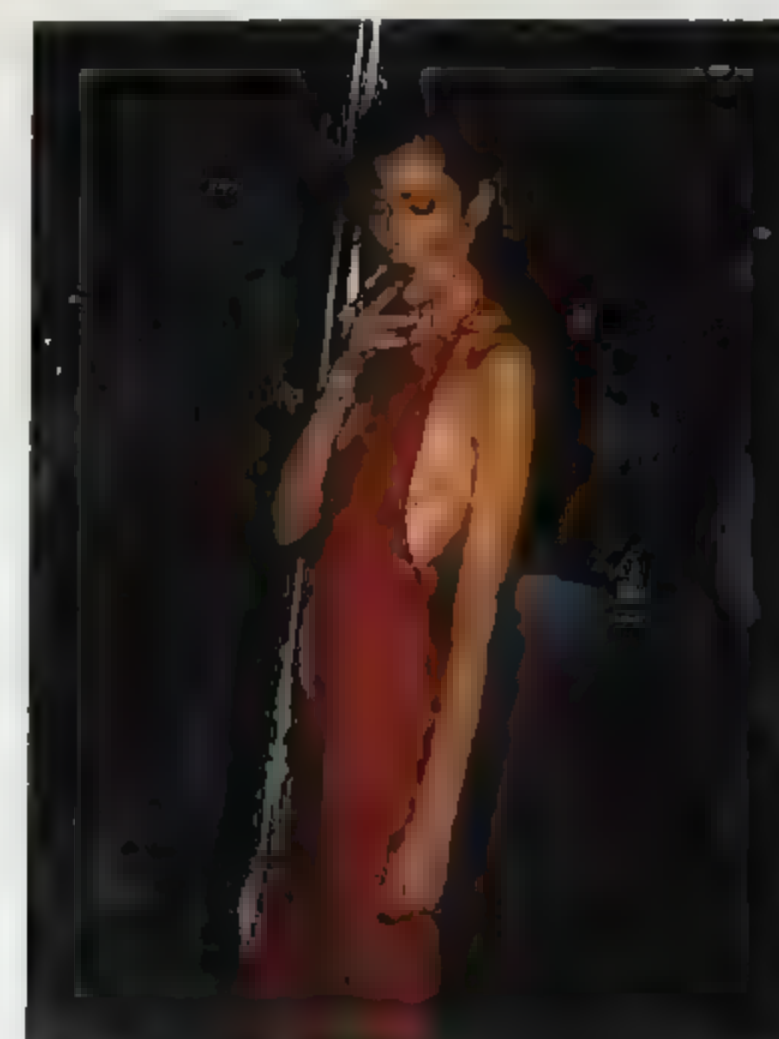
"I don't watch the show that much when I get home, for the same reason that my stepfather, who was a plumber, never wanted to fix our sink." —*Late Night* sidekick ANDY RICHTER on America Online

► "I don't agree with the walf look. I think anorexia is a huge problem with young girls, and I myself am a big eater. Got to watch your fingers when I'm eating."

—*Stormtrooper's* CAROL ALT on AOL

"I tried to go to college, but I guess I didn't try hard enough."

—*Pacific Palisades'* GREG EVIGAN on AOL



"There is a dark-haired, dark-eyed man with a little lightness in his hair, could be gray, that will enter your life and bring you some joy. So go out and buy a new dress."

—*Psychic Friends Network's* LINDA GEORGIAN, in an impromptu reading on AOL

CORE BELIEVERS

APPLE MAY SEEM to be stumbling into the abyss, what with CEO Gilbert Amello's recent departure, but never-say-die Apple addicts have been quickly snatching up the long-awaited Macintosh version of the guns-and-guts fest *Duke Nukem 3D*. Scarier to the faithful than any drooling alien, though, is the shambling Microsoft behemoth, which saw its *Windows 95 Upgrade* bump back to No. 1 on the CD-ROM chart. Quick, Ma—the plasma gun!

TOP 20 CD-ROMS

	LAST MONTH
1 MICROSOFT WINDOWS 95 UPGRADE Microsoft, PC	2
2 MYST Brøderbund, PC and Mac	7
3 DIABLO Blizzard, PC	6
4 FIRST AID DELUXE Cybermedia, PC	5
5 VIRUSCAN McAfee, PC	4
6 X-WING VS. TIE FIGHTER LucasArts, PC	1
7 COREL WORDPERFECT SUITE Corel, PC	—
8 COMMAND & CONQUER RED ALERT Virgin, PC	8
9 PRINT SHOP DELUXE III Brøderbund, PC	15
10 TRIPMAKER Rand McNally, PC	—
11 NORTON ANTIVIRUS Symantec, PC and Mac	—
12 MONOPOLY MULTIMEDIA Hasbro Interactive, PC	—
13 MICROSOFT FLIGHT SIMULATOR Microsoft, PC	10
14 QUICKEN DELUXE Intuit, PC and Mac	13
15 CLEANSWEEP III Quarterdeck, PC and Mac	14
16 NASCAR II Sierra On-Line, PC	—
17 COMMAND & CONQUER COUNTERSTRIKE Virgin, PC	16
18 PRINTMASTER GOLD DELUXE PUBLISHER SUITE Mindscape, PC	—
19 NEED FOR SPEED II Electronic Arts, PC	—
20 MICROSOFT GREETINGS WORKSHOP Microsoft, PC	11

TOP 5 PC GAMES

1 MYST Brøderbund	3
2 DIABLO Blizzard	2
3 X-WING VS. TIE FIGHTER LucasArts	1
4 COMMAND & CONQUER RED ALERT Virgin	4
5 MONOPOLY MULTIMEDIA Hasbro Interactive	13

TOP 5 MACINTOSH GAMES

1 DUKE NUKEM 3D GT Interactive	—
2 ARCHIVES I & II LucasArts	—
3 LINKS PRO Access	6
4 HEROES OF MIGHT & MAGIC II New World Computing	9
5 COMMAND & CONQUER Virgin	2

TOP 5 REFERENCE

1 MICROSOFT ENCARTA DELUXE Microsoft	1
2 MICROSOFT ENCARTA Microsoft	2
3 GROLIER ENCYCLOPEDIA Grolier	5
4 130 MILLION AMERICAN DIRECTORY American Business Info	—
5 WORLD BOOK ENCYCLOPEDIA IBM	4

SOURCE: PC DATA

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Encore

The Beatles' Photo Finish

Twenty-eight years ago, the Fab Four strolled across Abbey Road in one of rock's enduring images

BY ROB BRUNNER

A 10-MINUTE PHOTO SHOOT. Four guys crossing a street. What could be less eventful? But the photograph taken for the last record the

Beatles made, *Abbey Road*, has become a classic of album art—one of the best-known and most copied images in popular music.

It was Paul McCartney who came up with the street-crossing idea and worked out the details with photographer Iain Macmillan. The other Beatles liked the idea—"with varying degrees of enthusiasm," says Macmillan—and agreed to meet at 10 a.m. on Aug. 8, 1969, outside their Abbey Road studio. A bobby held up traffic while the band walked back and forth across the street three times. Perched on a ladder in the middle of the road, Macmillan snapped six pictures from which McCartney chose the cover shot.

"It was nerve-racking,"

remembers Macmillan. "Getting them to walk in the right way was difficult."

The result was ironically eloquent, a jarringly mundane image of the larger-than-life Beatles. Even 28 years later, fans still flock to the site of the crossing and re-create the picture themselves.

Of course, not only tourists have been imitating the famous photo over the years. Booker T. & the M.G.'s ambled across a Memphis street for their 1970 album, *McLemore Avenue*, and alterna-funk band the Red Hot Chili Peppers cheekily parodied it on their 1988 *The Abbey Road E.P.*, while the cover of rapper Chubb Rock's recent album, *The Mind*, also pays tribute. Even McCartney has joined the fun, digitally spoofing the famous scene for his 1993 album *Paul Is Live* (whose very title plays off the



RUE BOYS: *Abbey Road* (above) inspired imitations from Booker T., the Chili Peppers, Chubb Rock, and McCartney

old rumors of McCartney's death, supposedly proven by evidence in the original photograph).

Why is the cover so imitated? "You can replicate it wherever you're making a record," says James Henke, chief curator of the Rock and Roll Hall of Fame and Museum. And hey, an association with the Beatles' best-selling album can't hurt. What band wouldn't want to carry that kind of weight? ■

AUG. 8, 1969

BORN-TO-BE-WILD BIKERS Peter Fonda and Dennis Hopper rev up the countercultural revolution with *Easy Rider*; a graying Fonda, his hippie hair cut short, plays a beekeeper grandpa in 1997's indie *Ulee's Gold*. 'CRYS-TAL BLUE PERSUASION,' Tommy James' seventh and last top 10

hit with the Shondells, enjoys its third week at No. 2, its peak position on the pop chart. After battling drugs, James got religion and released a 1971 solo LP called *Christian of the World*. 20 YEARS BEFORE 'DILBERT,' authors Laurence Peter and Raymond Hull create a buzz phrase with their best-selling nonfiction analysis of incom-

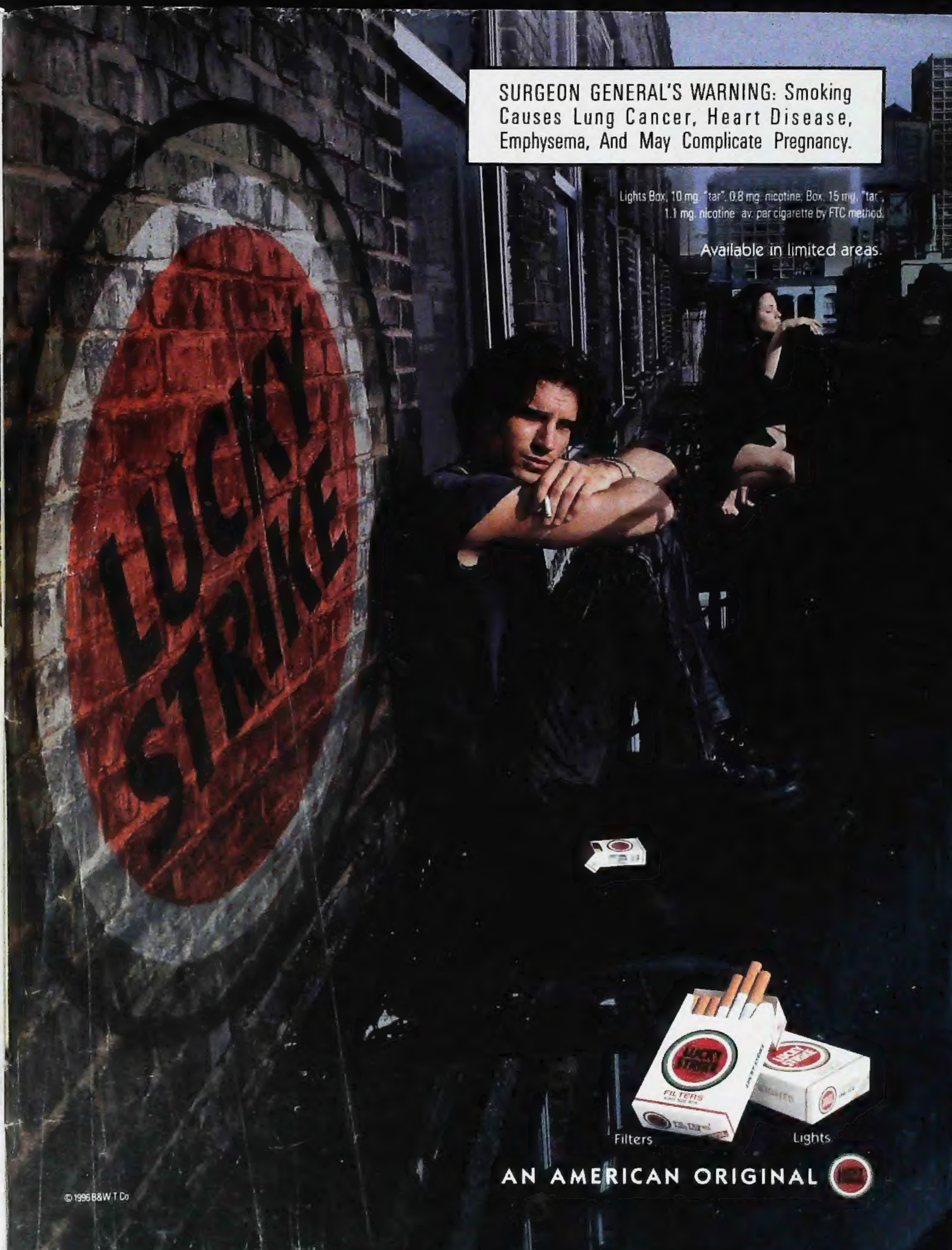


petent business management, *The Peter Principle*. AND IN THE REAL WORLD, pregnant actress Sharon Tate (left), a.k.a. Mrs. Roman Polanski, would be one of the seven Manson family massacre victims found dead this week in Los Angeles. Denied parole earlier this year, Manson is working on his own website. —Caren Weiner

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